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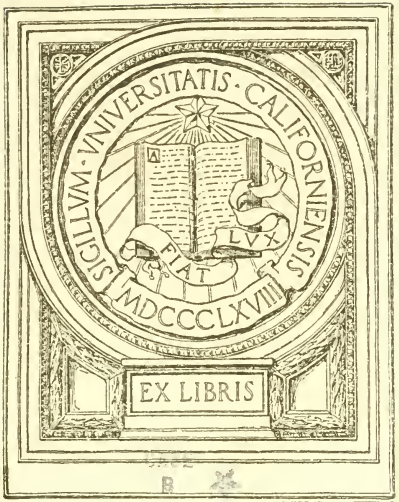

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The Tudor Facsimile Texts

The Miseries of Inforst Marriage

By George Wilkins

Date of earliest known edition 1607

(*B.M.*, C 34. *f.* 42.)

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The Tudor Facsimile Texts

Under the Supervision and Editorship of

JOHN S. FARMER

The Miseries of Enforced Marriage

By George Wilkins

1607

Issued for Subscribers by the Editor of

THE TUDOR FACSIMILE TEXTS

MCMXIII

The

Miseries of Enforced Marriage

By George Wilkins

1607

This facsimile is from the B.M. copy of the earliest known edition of 1607. *Other impressions were issued in* 1611, 1629 *and* 1637; *it may thus be inferred that the play was popular. An adaptation by Mrs. Aphra Behn was published in* 1677 *under the title of "The Town Fop."*

The article by Sir Sidney Lee in "The Dictionary of National Biography," narrates all that is known of the author, touching upon and discussing the question of Wilkins' connection as collaborateur with Shakespeare, Dekker, Day, Rowley and others, having especial regard to Wilkins' probable share in the early drafts of "Timon of Athens" and "Pericles."

The British Museum copy of this facsimile is in a very bad state, having been apparently much handled. The condition of the first and last portions of the book may be thus accounted for: many of the central pages are much cleaner and less blurred. The reproduction is, having regard to this fact, quite satisfactory.

JOHN S. FARMER.

THE Miseries of Inforst MARIAGE.

As it is now playd by his Maiesties Seruants.

Qui Alios, (seipsum) docet.

By George Wilkins.

LONDON
Printed for George Vincent, and are to be sold at his shop in Woodstreet. 1607.

The Miſeries of inforſt Mariage.

Enter Sir Francis Ilford, Wentloe, and Bartley.

Bart. BVt *Francke, Franke*, now we are come to the houſe, what ſhall we make to be our buſines?

Ilford. Tut, let vs be Impudent enough, and good inough.

Went. We haue no acquaintaince heere, but young *Scarborrow.*

Ilf. How no aquaintance: Angels guard me from thy company. I tel thee *Wentloe* thou art not worthy to weare guilte Spurs, cleane Linnen, nor good Cloaths.

Went. Why for Gods ſake?

Ilford. By this hand thou art not a man fit to Table at an Ordinary, keepe Knights company to Bawdy houſes, nor Begger thy Taylor.

Went. Why then I am free from Cheaters, cleare from the Fox, and eſcape Curſſes?

Ilf. Why doſt thou think there is any Chriſtians in the world?

Went. I and Iewes too, Brokers, Puritans, and Sergeants.

Ilf. Or dooſt thou meane to begge after Charity, that goes in a cold ſute already, that thou talkeſt thou haſt no acquaintance here. I tel thee *Wentloe* thou canſt not liue on this ſide of the world: feed wel, drink Tobacco, and be honored into the preſence, but thou muſt be acquainted with all ſortes of men. I and ſo farre in to, till they deſire to be more acquainted with thee.

Bart. True, and then you ſhal be accompted a gallant of good credit.

Enter Clowne.

Ilf. But ſtay, here is a Scrape trencher atiued: How now blew bottle, are you of the houſe?

Clow. I haue heard of many blacke Iacks Sir, but neuer of a blew Bottle.

Ilf. Well Sir, are you of the houſe?

Clow. No Sir, I am twenty yardes without, and the houſe ſtands without me.

Bart. Prethee tels who owes this building.

Clow. He that dwels in it Sir.

Ilf. Who dwels in it then.

Clow. He that owes it.

Ilf. Whats his name.

Clow. I was none of his God-father.

Ilf. Dut maiſter Scarberow lie heere,

Clow. He giue you a rime for that Sir,

Sicke men may lie, and dead men in their Graues,
Few elſe do lie abed at noone, but Drunkards, Punks, & knaues.

Ilf. What am I the better for thy anſwer?

Clow. What am I the better for thy queſtion?

Ilf. Why nothing.

Clow. Why then of nothing comes nothing.

Enter Scarborrow.

Went. Sblud this is a philoſophicall foole.

Clow. Then I that am a foole by Art, am better then you that are fooles by nature. *Exit*

Scar. Gentlemen, welcome to Yorkſhire.

Ilf. And well incountred my little Villaine of fifteene hundred a yeare, Slut what makeſt thou heere in this barren ſoyle of the North, when thy honeſt friends miſſe thee at London?

Scar. Faith Gallants tis the Countrey where my Father liued, where firſt I ſaw the light, and where I am loved,

Ilf. Lou'd, I as Courtiers loue Vſurers, & that is iuſt as long as they lend them mony. Now dare I lay.

Went. None of your Land good Knight, for that is laid to mortgage already.

Ilf. I dare lay with any man that will take me vp.

Went. Who liſt to haue a Lubberly load.

Ilf. Sirrah wag, this Rogue was ſon and heire to *Antony Nowe, Now*, and *Blind Moore*. And he muſt needs be a ſcuruy Muſition, that hath two Fidlers to his Fathers: but tel me infayth, art thou not, nay I know thou art cald down into the country here, by ſome hoary Knight or other, who knowing thee a young Gentleman of good parts, and a great liuing, hath deſired thee to ſee ſome pitti-

full

full peece of his Workemanſhip, a Daughter I meane, Iſt not, ſo?

Scar. About ſome ſuch preferment I came downe.

Iſf. Preferment, a good word: And when do you commence into the Cuckolds order, the Preferment you ſpeak of when ſhal we haue Gloues: when, when?

Scarb. Faith gallants
I haue bin gueſt here but ſince laſt night.

Iſf. Why, and that is time enough to make vp a dozen marriages, as marriages are made vp now adayes. For looke you Sir: the father according to the faſhion, being ſure you haue a good liuing, and without Incumbrance, comes to you thus:——takes you by the hand thus:——wipes his long beard thus:—— or turn vp his Muchacho thus:——Walks ſome turne or two thus:——to ſhew his comely Grauity thus:——And hauing waſht his foule mouth thus:——at laſt breaks out thus.——

Went. O God: Let vs heare more of this?

Iſf. Maiſter *Scarborrow*, you are a young Gentleman, I knew your father well, hee was my worſhipfull good Neighbour, for our Demeanes lay neare together. Then Sir,——you and I muſt be of more nere acquaintance.——At which, you muſt make an eruption thus:——O God (ſweet Sir)

Bart. Sfut, the Knight would haue made an excellent *Zany*, in an Italian Comedy.

Iſf. Then hee goes forward thus: Sir, my ſelfe am Lord of ſome thouſand a yeere, a Widdower, (maiſter *Scarberrow*) I haue a couple of young Gentlewomen to my Daughters, a thouſand a yeare will do well deuided among them? Ha, wilt not Maiſter *Scarborrow*,—— At which, you out of your education muſt reply thus.——The Portion will deſerue them worthy husbands: on which Tinder he toones takes fire and ſweates you are the Man his hopes ſhot at, and one of them ſhall be yours.

Went. If I did not like her, ſhoulde hee ſweare to the diuell, I would make him forſweare me.

Iſf. Then putting you and the young Puggs to in a cloſe roome together.

Went. If he ſhould lie with her there, is not the father partly the Bawd?

Iſf. Why ſo the young pupper, hauing the Leſſon before from

old Fox, giue the ſonne halfe a dozen warme kiſſes, which after her fathers oths, takes ſuch Impreſſion in her, thou ſtraight cal'ſt by lefa Miſtris, I loue you: ——When ſhee has the wit to aske, but Sir, will you marry me, and thou in thy Cox-ſparrow-humor reply'ſt, I (before God) as I am a Gentleman will I, which the Father ouer-hearing, leaps in, takes you at your word, ſweares hee is glad to ſee this, ſay he will haue you contracted ſtraight, and for a need makes the prieſt of himſelfe.

Thus in one houre, from a free life,
Thou art ſworne in debt, and troubled with a wife.

Bart. But can they Loue one another ſo ſoone?

Ilf. Oh, it is no matter now adaies for loue, tis well, and they can but make ſhift to lie together.

Scut. But will your father doe this too, if hee know the gallant breaths himſelfe at ſome two or three Bawdy houſes in a morning.

Ilf. Oh the ſooner, for that and the Land together, tell the olde ladde, he will know the better how to deale with his Daughter.

The Wiſe and Auncient Fathers know this Rule,
Should both wed Maids, the Child would be a Foole.

Come Wag, if thou haſt gone no further then into the Ordinarie faſhion, meete, ſee, and kiſſe, giue ouer: Mary not a Wife to haue a hundred plagues for one pleaſure: lets to London, theres variety: and change of paſture makes fat Calues.

Sca. But change of women bawld Knaues, Sir Knight.

Ilf. Wag and thou beeſt a Louer but three dayes, thou wilt bee Hartles, Sleepleſſe, witles, Mad, Wretched, Miſerable, and indeed, a ſtarke Foole. And by that thou haſt beene married but three weekes, tho thou ſhouldſt wed a *Cynthia rara avis*, thou would'ſt be a man monſtrous: A Cuckold, a Cuckold.

Bart. And why is a Cuckold monſtrous, Knight?

Ilf. Why, becauſe a man is made a Beaſt by being married? Take but example thy ſelfe from the Moone, as ſoone as ſhee is deliuered of her great belly, doth ſhe not poynt at the world with a payre of hornes, as who ſhould ſay, married men, ſome of ye are Cuckolds.

Scar. I conſter more Diuinely of their ſex,
Being Maids, methinkes they are Angels: and being Wiues,
They are Soueraignes: Cordials that preſerue our Liues,

They

They are like our hands that feed vs, this is cleare,
They renew man, as ſpring renewes the yeare.

Ilf. There's here a wanton Wench that heares thee, but thinkes thee a Coxcom for ſaying ſo: Marry none of them, if thou wilt haue their true Characters, Ile giue it thee,——Women are the Purgatory of mens Purſſes, the Paradice of their bodies, and the Hel of their mindes; Marry none of them. Women are in Churches Saints, abroad Angels, at home Diuels.
Here are married men inow, know this: Marry none of them.

Scar. Men that traduce by cuſtome, ſhew ſharpe wit
Onely in ſpeaking Ill, and practiſe it:
Againſt the beſt of Creatures, deuine women
Who are God's Agents heere, and the Heauenly eye
By which this Orbe hath her Maturity:
Beauty in women, get the world with Child,
Without whom, ſhe were barren, faint, and wilde.
They are the ſtems on which do Angels grow,
From whence Vertue is ſtild, and Arts do flow.

Enter Sir John Harcop and his Daughter Clare.

Ilf. Let them be what Flowers they will, and they were Roſes I will plucke none of them for pricking my fingers But ſoft, heere comes a voider for vs: and I ſee, do what I can, as long as the world laſts, there wil be Cuckolds in it. Do you heare Childe, heeres one come to blend you together: he has brought you a kneading-tub, if thou doſt take her at his hands,

Tho thou hadſt Argus eyes, be ſure of this,
Women haue ſworne with more then one to kiſſe.

Har. Nay no parting Gentlemen: *Hem.*

Went. Sfut dus he make Punkes of vs, that he Hems already

Har. Galiants,
Know old *Iohn Harcop* keepes a Wineſeller,
Has Traueld, bin at Court, knowne Faſhions,
And vnto all beares habit like your ſelues,
The ſhapes of Gentlemen and men of ſort.
I haue a health to giue them ere they part.

Went. Health Knight, not as Drunkards giue their healths I hope, to go together by the eares when they haue done

Har. My healths are welcome: welcome Gentlemen.

Iſf. Are we welcome Knight, Infayth.

Har. Welcome infayth Sir.

Iſf. Prethee tell me haſt not thou bin a Whoremaiſter.

Har. *In youth I ſwild my fill at* Venus *cup,*
In ſted of full draughts now I am faine to ſup.

Iſf. Why then thou art a man fit for my compauy:
Dooſt thou heare that he is a good fellow of our ſtampe,
Make much of his father. *Exeunt*

Manet Scarborrow and Clare.

Scar. The Father, and the Gallants haue left mee heare with a Gentlewoman, and if I know what to ſay to her I am a villen, heauen grant her life hath borrowed ſo much Impudence of her ſex, but to ſpeak to me firſt: for by this hand, I haue not ſo much ſteel of Immodeſty in my face, to Parle to a Wench without bluſhing. Ile walke by her, in hope ſhee can open her teeth. ——— Not a word? ——— Is it not ſtrange a man ſhould be in a womans compauy all this while and not heare her tongue. ——— Ile goe further? ——— God of his goodnes: not a Sillable, I think if I ſhould take vp her Cloaths to, ſhe would ſay nothing to me. ——— With what words tro dus a man begin to woe. Gentlewoman pray you what Iſt a Clocke?

Clar. Troth Sir, carrying no watch about me but mine eyes, I anſwer you: I cannot tell.

Scar. And if you cannot tell, Beauty I take the Addage for my reply: You are naught to keepe ſheepe.

Clar. Yet I am big enough to keepe my ſelfe.

Scar. Prethee tell me: Are you not a Woman?

Clar. I know not that neither, til I am better acquainted with a man. *Scar.* And how would you be acquainted with a man?

Clar. To diſtinguiſh betwixt himſelfe and my ſelfe.

Scar. Why I am a Man.

Cla. Thats more then I know Sir.

Scar. To approue I am no leſſe: thus I kiſſe thee.

Cla. And by that proofe I am a man too, for I haue kiſt you.

Scar. Prethee tell me can you loue?

Clar. O Lorde Sir, three or foure thinges: I Loue my meate, choiſe of Suters: Cloathes in the Faſhion: and like a right woman I loue to haue my will.

Scar.

Scar. What thinke you of me for a Husband?

Clar. Let me firſt know, what you think of me for a wife?

Scar. Troth I thinke you are a proper Gentlewoman.

Clar. Do you but thinke ſo?

Scar. Nay I ſee you are a very perfect proper Gentlewoman.

Clar. It is great pitty then I ſhould be alone without a proper man. *Scar.* Your father ſayes I ſhall marry you.

Clar. And I ſay God forbid Sir: I am a great deale to young.

Scar. I loue thee by my troth.

Clar. O pray you do not ſo, for then you ſtray from the ſteps of Gentility, the faſhion among them is to marry firſt, and loue after by leiſure. *Scarb.* That I do loue thee, here by heauen I ſweare, and cal it as a witnes to this kiſſe.

Clar. You will not inforce me I hope Sir?

Scar. Makes me this womans husband, thou art my Clare, Accept my hart, and prooue as Chaſt, as fayre.

Clare, O God, if you are too hot in your gifts, ſhoulde I accept them, we ſhould haue you plead nonage, ſome halfe a year hence: ſue for reuerſement, & ſay the deed was done vnder age.

Scar. Prethee do not Ieſt?

Cl. No (God is my record) I ſpeak in earneſt: & deſire to know Whether ye meane to marry me, yea or no.

Scar. This hand thus takes thee as my louing wife,

Clar. For better, for worſe.

Scar. I, till death vs depart loue.

Clar. Why then I thanke you Sir, and now I am like to haue that I long lookt for: A Husband.

How ſoone from our owne tongues is the word ſed,
Captiues our maiden-freedome to a head.

Scar. Clare your are now mine, and I muſt let you know,
What euery wife doth to her husband owe,
To be a wife, is to be Dedicate
Not to a youthfull courſe, wild, and vnſtedy,
But to the ſoule of vertue, obedience,
Studying to pleaſe, and neuer to offend.
Wiues, haue two eyes created, not like Birds
To rome about at pleaſure, but for two ſentinels,
To watch their husbands ſafety as their owne,

Two hands, ones to feed him, the other her ſelfe:
Two feet, and one of them is their husbands,
They haue two of euery thing, onely of one,
Their Chaſtity, that ſhould be his alone,
Their very thoughts they cannot tearme them one,
Maids being once made wiues, can nothing call
Rightly their owne; they are their husbands all:
If ſuch a wife you can prepare to be,
Clare I am yours: and you are fit for me.

Clar. We being thus ſubdued, pray you know then,
As women owe a duty, ſo do men.
Men muſt be like the branch and barke to trees,
Which doth defend them from tempeſtuous rage,
Cloth them in Winter, tender them in age,
Or as Ewes loue vnto their Eanlings liues,
Such ſhould be husbands cuſtome to their wiues.
If it appeare to them they haue ſtraid amiſſe,
They onely muſt rebuke them with a kiſſe,
Or Clock them, as Hens Chickens, with kind call,
Couer them vnder their wing, and pardon all:
No iarres muſt make two beds, no ſtrife deuide them,
Thoſe betwixt whom a faith and troth is giuen,
Death onely parts, ſince they are knit by heauen:
If ſuch a husband you intend to be,
I am your Clare, and you are fit for me.

Scar. By heauen.

Clar. Aduiſe before you ſweare, let me remember you,
Men neuer giue their faith, and promiſe mariage,
But heauen records their oth: If they proue true,
Heauen ſmiles for ioy, if not it weepes for you,
Vnleſſe your hart, then with your wordes agree,
Yet let vs part, and leſſe vs both be free.

Scar. If euer man in ſweering loue, ſwore true,
My words are like to his: Heere comes your father.

Enter Sir Iohn Harcop, Ilford, Wentloe, Bartley, and Butler.

Har. Now maiſter *Scarborrow.*

Sca. Prepar'd to aske how you like that we haue done,
your daughters made my wife, and I your ſonne.

Har.

Har. And both agreed ſo.

Both. We are Sir,

Har. Then long may you liue together, haue ſtore of ſons.

Iſf. Tis no matter who is the father.

Har. But ſonne here is a man of yours is come from London.

But. And brought you Letters Sir.

Scar. What newes from London Butler.

But. The old newes Sir, the Ordinaries are full, ſome Cittizens are bankerouts, and many Gentlemen beggers.

Scar. Clare here is an vnwelcome Purſiuant,
My Lord and *Guardian* writes to me with ſpeed,
I muſt returne to London.

Har. And you being Ward to him ſon Scarborrow,
And know him great, it fits that you obay him.

Har. It dus it dus, for by an antient law,
We are borne free heires, but kept like ſlaues in awe,
Who are for London Gallants?

Iſf. Switch and *Spurre* we wil beare you company.

Scar. Clare I muſt leaue thee, with what vnwillingnes
Witnes this dwelling kiſſe vpon thy lip,
And tho I muſt be abſent from thine eye,
Be ſure my hart doth in thy boſome lie,
Three yeares I am yet a ward, which time Ile paſſe,
Making thy faith my conſtant Looking-glaſſe,
Till when.

Clar. Till when you pleaſe, where ere you liue or lie,
Your loues here worne, your preſence in my eie. *Exeunt*

Enter Lord Faulconbridge, and ſir William Scarborow.

Hunſd. Sir William,
How old ſay you is your kinſman *Scarborrow.*

Will. Eighteene my Lord, next Pentecoſt.

Lord. Bethinke you good Sir William,
I reckon thereabout my ſelfe, ſo by that account
Theres full three Winters yet he muſt attend,
Vnder our awe, before he ſue his Liuery:
Iſt not ſo?

Will. Not a daie leſſe my Lord.

Lord. Sir *William* you are his Vnckle, and I muſt ſpeake
That am his *Guardian*, would I had a ſon
Might merit commendations euen with him.
Ile tell you what he is, he is a youth,
A Noble branch, increaſing bleſſed fruit.
Where Caterpiller vice dare not to touch,
He is himſelfe with ſo much grauity,
Praiſe cannot praiſe him with *Hypperbole:*
He is one whom older looke vpon, as one a booke,
Wherein are Printed Noble ſentences
For them to rule their liues by. Indeed he is one
All Emulate his vertues, hate him none.
Will. His friends are proud, to heare this good of him.
Lord. And yet Sir William being as he is,
Young, and vnſetled, tho of virtuous thoughts,
By *Genuine* diſpoſition, yet our eyes
See daily preſidents, hopefull Gentlemen,
Being truſted in the world with their owne will,
Diuert the good is lookt from them to Ill,
Make their old names forgot, or not worth note
With company they keepe, ſuch Reuelling
With Panders, Paraſites, Podigies of Knaues,
That they ſell all, euen their old fathers graues.
VVhich to preuent, weele match him to a wife,
Marriage Reſtraines the ſcope of ſingle life.
Will. My Lord ſpeakes like a father for my Kinſman.
Lord. And I haue found him one of Noble parentage,
A Neece of mine, my I haue broke with her,
Know thus much of her mind, what for my pleaſure
As alſo for the good appeares in him,
She is pleaſ'd of all thats hers to make him King.
Will. Our name is bleſt in ſuch an honoured matriage

Enter Doctor Baxter.

Lord. Alſo I haue appointed Doctor Baxter,
Chancellor of Oxford to attend me heere
And ſee he is come. Good maiſter Doctor.
Bax. My honourable Lord.
Will. I haue poſſeſt you with this buſineſſe maiſter Doctor

Baxt.

Baxt. To ſee the contract twixt you honoured Neece
and maiſter *Scarborrow*.
Lord. Tis ſo, and I did looke for him by this.
Bax. I ſaw him leaue his horſe as I came vp.
Lord. So, ſo.
Then he will be heere forthwith: you Maiſter *Baxter*
Go Vther hether ſtraight young *Katherine*,
Sir *William*, here and I will keepe this roome til you returne.
Scar. My honourable Lord. *Enter Scarborrow*
Lord. Tis well done *Scarborrow*.
Scar. Kind Vnckle.
Wills. Thankes my good Couz.
Lord. You haue bin welcome in your Country Yorkſhire.
Scar. The time that I ſpent there my Lord was merry.
Lord. Twas well, twas very well, and in your abſence,
your Vnckle heere and I, haue bin bethinking
what gift betwixt vs we might beſtow on you,
That to your houſe large dignity might bring,
With faire increaſe, as from a Chriſtall ſpring.
Enter Doctor and Katherine.
Scar. My name is bound to your beneficence,
your hands hath bin to me like bounties purſe,
Neuer ſhut vp, your ſelfe my foſter-Nurſe:
Nothing can from your honor come; proue me ſo rude,
But Ile accept to ſhun Ingratitude.
Lord. We accept thy promiſe, now returne thee this,
A vertuous wife, accept her with a kiſſe.
Scar. My honourable Lord.
Lord. Feare not to take her man ſhe will feare neither,
Do what thou canſt being both abed together.
Scar. O but my Lord.
Lord. But me a Dog of wax, come kiſſe, and agree,
Your friends haue thought it fit, and it muſt be.
Scar. I haue no hands to take her to my wife.
Lord How Sawce-box.
Scar. O pardon me my Lord the vnripenes of my yeares.
Too greene for gouernment, is old in feares
To vndertake that charge.

Lord. Sir, ſir, I and ſir knaue, then hete is a mellowed experience knowes how to teach you,

Scar. O God.

Lord. O Iacke.

How both our cares, your Vncle and my ſelfe,
Sought, ſtudied, found out, and for your good,
A maid, a Neece of mine, both faire and chaſt,
And muſt we ſtand at your diſcretion.

Scar. O Good my Lord
Had I two ſoules, then might I haue two wiues,
Had I two faiths, then had I one for her,
Hauing of both but one, that one is giuen
To Sir Iohn Harcops daughter.

Lord. Ha, ha, whats that, let me heare that againe?

Scar. To Sir Iohn Harcops *Clare* I haue made an oath,
Part me in twaine, yet ſhees one halfe of both.
This hand the which I weare it is halfe hers,
Such power hath faith and troth twixt couples young,
Death onely cuts that knot tide with the tongue.

Lord. And haue you knit that knot Sir.

Scar. I haue done ſo much, that if I wed not her,
My marriage makes me an Adulterer,
In which blacke ſheets, I wallow all my life,
My babes being Baſtards, and a whore my wife.

Lord. Ha, iſt euen ſo, My ſecretary there, *Enter ſecretary*
Write me a Letter ſtraight to Sir Iohn Harcop,
Ile ſee Sir Iacke and if that Harcop dare,
Being my Ward, contract you to his daughter. *Exit ſecret.*
My ſteward too, poſt you to Yorkeſhire, *Enter ſteward.*
Where lyes my youngſters Land, and ſirrah,
Fell me his wood, make havocke, ſpoyle and waſt. *Exit ſteward*
Sir you ſhall know that you are Ward to me,
Ile make you poore inough: then mend your ſelfe.

Will. O Cozen.

Scar. O Vncle.

Lord. Contract your ſelfe and where you liſt,
Ile make you know me Sir to be your guard.

Scar. World now thou ſeeſt what tis to be a ward.

Lord

Lord. And where I meant my selfe to haue disburst
Foure thousand pound, vpon this marriage
Surrendred vp your land to your owne vse,
And compast other portions to your hands,
Sir ile now yoke you still.
fear. A yoake indeed.
Lord. And spight of they dare contradict my will,
Ile make thee marry to my Chambermaid. Come couz. *Exit.*
Wax. Faith Sir it fits you to be more aduis'd.
fear. Do not you flatter for preferment sir
will. O but good Coze.
fear. O but good vnckle cou'd I command my loue,
Or cancell oaths out of heauens brazen booke,
Ingrost by Gods own finger, then you might speake.
I had men that lawe to loue as most haue tonges
To loue a thousand women with, then you might speake.
Were loue like dust lawful for euery Wind,
To beare from place to place, were oaths but puffes,
Men might forswearе themselues, but I do know,
Tho sinne being past with vs, the acts forgot,
The poore soule grones, and she forgets it not.
will. Yet heare your owne case?
fear. O tis to miserable:
That I a Gentleman should be thus borne
From mine owne right, and forcst to be forsworne.
will. Yet being as it is, it must be your care,
To salue it with aduice, not with dispaire,
you are his ward, being so, the Law intends,
He is to haue your duty, and in his rule
Is both your marriage, and your heritage,
If you rebell against these Iniunctions,
The penalty takes hold on you, which for him selfe,
He straight thus prosecutes, he wasts your land,
Weds you where he thinkes fit, but if your life
Haue of some violent humor matcht your wife,
Without his knowledge, then hath he power
To Merce your purse, and in a sum so great,
That shall for euer keepe your fortunes weake,
Where otherwise if you be ruld by him

you

Your houſe is raiſd by matching to his kin.

Enter Falconbridge

Lord. Now death of me, ſhall I be croſt by ſuch a Iacke, he wed himſelfe, and where he liſt: Sirrha Malapart, Ile hamper you,
You that will haue your will, come get you in:
Ile make thee ſhape thy thoughts to marry her,
Or wiſh thy birth had bin thy murtherer.

Scar. Fate pitty me, becauſe I am inforſt,
For I haue heard thoſe marches haue coſt bloud,
Where loue is once begun and then withſtood, *Exeunt.*

Enter Ilford and a Page with him.

Ilf. Boy, haſt thou deliuered my Letter?

Boy. I Sir, I ſaw him open the lips ont.

Ilf. He had not a new ſute on, had he?

Boy. I am not ſo well acquainted with his Wardrobe Sir, but I ſaw a leane fellowe, with ſunke eyes, and ſhamble legges, ſigh pittifully at his chamber dore, and intreat his man to put his maſter in mind of him.

Ilf. O, that was his Taylor, I ſee now he wil be bleſt he profits by my counſell, he will pay no debts before he be areſted, nor then neither, if he can finde ere a beaſt that dare but be bayle for him, but he will ſeale it'th afternoone.

Boy. Yes Sir, he will imprint for you as deepe as he can.

Ilf. Good, good, now haue I a Parſons Noſe, and ſmell tyth comming in then. Now let me number how many rooks I haue halfe vndone already this Tearme by the firſt returne: foure by Dice, ſix by being bound with me, and ten by queanes, of which ſome be Courtiers, ſome Country Gentlemen, and ſome Cittizens Sonnes. Thou art a good Franke, if thou perſeſt thus, thou art ſtill a Companion for Gallants, maiſt keepe a Catamite, take Phiſick, at the Spring and the fall.

Enter Wentloe.

Went. Franke, newes that will make thee fat Frank.

Ilf. Prethee rather giue mee ſomewhat will keepe me leane, I ha no mind yet to take Phiſicke.

Wen. Maſter Scarberrow is a married man.

Ilf. Then heauen grant he may, as few married men do, make much of his wife.

Wentlo

Went. Why? wouldſt haue him loue her, let her command all, and make her his maſter?

Iff. No no, they that do ſo, make not much of their wiues, but giue them their will, and its the marring of em.

Enter Bartley.

Bart. Honeſt *Frankie*, valerous *Francke*, a portion of thy purſe, but to helpe vs in this enterpriſe, and we may walk London ſtreets and cry puſh at the Sergiants.

Iff. You may ſhift out one tearme, and yet die in the Counter, theſe are the ſcabs now that hang vpon honeſt Iob, I am ſure, and theſe are the ſcurvy ſcabbes, but whats this your pot fetch'd out withall?

Bart. Maiſter Scarborrow is a married man.

Went. He has all his land in his owne hand.

Bart. His brothers and ſiſters portions. (wife.

Went. Beſides foure thouſand pound in ready money with his

Iff. A good talent by my faith, it might helpe many Gentlemen to pay their Tailours, and I might be one of them.

Went. Nay, honeſt Frank, haſt thou found a tricke for him, if thou haſt not, looke heeres a line to direct thee. Firſt draw him into bands for money, then to dice for it: Then take vp ſtuffe at the Mercers, ſtraight to a punke with it: Then morgage his Lande, and be drunke with that: ſo with them and the reſt, from an Ancient Gentleman, make him a young begger.

Iff. What a Roge is this, to read a lecture to me, and mine owne leſſon too, which he knowes I ha made perfect to y hundred fourſcore and nineteene. A cheating Raſcall will teach me that ha made them that haue worne a ſpatious Parke, Lodge and all of their backes this morning: bin fayne to pawne it afore night, and that ha ſtanked like a huge Elephant, with a Caſtle on their neckes, and remooued it to their owne ſhoulders in one day which their fathers built vp in ſeuen yeare, bin glad by my meanes, in ſo much time as a childe ſuckes, to drinke bottle Ale, tho a punk pay for. And ſhal this Parat inſtruct me?

Went. Nay but Franke.

Iff. A roge that hath fed vpon me & the ſcuttle Fry vnlike Pollen from a Pantlers chippings, and now I put him to my odde cloths to ſhift two ſutes in a day, that could haue built a ſpittle ſtuff cote

in a yeare, and ſiues prayers when he had it: hark, how he prates.

Went. Beſides Franke, ſince his marriage, he ſtawkes me like a caſhiered Captaine diſcontent, in which Melancholy, the leaſte drop of mirth, of which thou haſt an Ocean, will make him, and all his ours for euer.

Ilf. Sayes mine owne Roge ſo, giue mee thy hand then, weele doot, and theres earneſt. *Strikes him.* Sfut you Chittiface, that lookes worſe then a Collier thorough a woodden window, an Apeafeard of a whip, or a Knaues head, ſhooke ſeauen yeares in the weather vpon London-bridge. Do you Catechize me?

Went. Nay but valorous Franke, he that knowes the ſecrets of al harts, knowes I did it in kindnes.

Ilf. Know your ſeaſons: beſides, I am not of that Species for you to inſtruct. Then know your ſeaſons.

Bart. Sfut friends, friends, al friends: Here comes young *Scarborrow*, ſhould he knew of this, all our diſſeignes were preuented.

Enter Scarborrow.

Ilf What, melancholy my young maiſter, my young marryed man, God giue your worſhip ioy.

Scar. Ioy, of what Franke?

Ilf. Of thy wealth, for I heare of few that ha ioy of heir wiues

Scar. Who weds as I haue to inforced ſheets,
His care increaſeth, but his comfort fleets.

Ilf. Thou hauing ſo much witte, what a Deu.ll meantſt thou to marry?

Scar. O ſpeake not of it,
Marriage ſounds in mine eare like a Bell,
Not rung for pleaſure, but a dolefull knell.

Ilf. A common courſe, thoſe men that are married in the Morning, to wiſh themſelues buried ere night.

Scar. I cannot loue her.

Ilf. No newes neither, wiues know thats a generall fault amongſt their Husbands. *Scar.* I will not ly with her.

Ilf. Cetera volunt ſheele ſay ſtill, If you wil not, another wil.

Scar. Why did ſhe marry me, knowing I did not loue her.

Ilf. As other women do, either to bee maintaind by you, or to make you a Cuckold. Now ſir, what come you for?

Enter Clowne.

Clow

Clow. As men do in haſt, to make an end of their buſines

Iſf. Whats your buſines?

Clow My buſines is this Sir, this Sir, and this Sir,

Iſf. The meaning of al this Sir. *Cl* By this is as much as to ſay Sir my Mai. has ſent vnto you. By this is as much as to ſay Sir, my maſter has him humbly commended vnto you, and by this is as much as to ſay, my maſter craues your anſwere.

Iſf. Giue me your Letter. And you ſhal haue this Sir, this Sir and this Sir.

Clow. No Sir. *Iſford.* Why Sir?

Clow. Becauſe as the learned haue very well inſtructed me *Quæ ſupranos, nihil ad nos*, and tho many Gentlemen will haue to doe with other mens buſines, yet from me know, the moſt part of them proue knaues for their labor.

Weſt. You ha the Knaue yfaith Franke.

Clo. Long may hee liue to enioy it. From Sir Iohn Harcop of Harcop, in the County of Yorke Knight, by me his man, to his ſelfe my young maiſter, by theſe preſents greeting.

Iſf. How canſt thou by theſe good words?

Clow. As you by your good cloaths, tooke them vpon truſt, & ſwore I would neuer pay for em.

Scar. Thy maiſter Sir Iohn Harcop writes to me,
That I ſhou'd entertaine thee for my man,
His wiſh is acceptable, thou art welcome fellow.
Oh I am thy maiſters Daughter, ſends an Article
Which makes me thinke vpon my preſent ſinne,
Here ſhe remembers me to keepe in minde
My promiſ'd faith to her, which I ha broke.
Here ſhe remembers me I am a man,
Blacke tore with periury, whoſe ſinfull breaſt,
Is Characted like thoſe curſt of the biſt.

Iſf. How now my young Bully, like a young wench forty weeks after the loſſe of her Maiden-head, crying out.

Scar. Trouble me not,
Giue me Pen, Inke, and Paper, I will write to her,
O? but what ſhall I write?
Mine owne excuſe, why no excuſe can ſerue
For him that ſweares, and forſwears his oth doth ſwaue?

Or shall I say, my marriage was inforcst,
Twas bid in them, not will in me to yeeld,
Wretched thee to whose marriage was compeld,
He onely wrote that which my graue hath bred,
Forgiue me Clare, for I am married:
Tis soone set to vse, but not so soone forgot, or worne from hēce.
Deliuer it vnto her, there's for thy paines,
Would I as soone could cleanse these periurd staines.

Clare. Well, I could alter mine eies from filthy mud into fair water: you haue paid for my teares and mine eyes shal proue bankerouts, and breake out for you, let no man perswade me, I will cry, and euery Toy vse betwixt Shoreditch-church and Yorke bridge, shall beare me witnesse. *Exit.*

Scar. Gentlemen, Ile take my leaue of you,
She that I am married to, but not my wife,
Wilt London leaue, in Yorkeshire lead our life.

Hil. We must not leaue you so my young Gallant,
We three are sicke in state, and your wealth must helpe to make vs whole againe.
For this saying, is as true as old:
Strife nurst twixt man and wife, makes such a flaw,
How great so ere their wealth, twil haue a thaw,

Enter Sir Iohn Harcop with his Daughter Clare, and two younger Brothers, Thomas, and Iohn Scarborrow.

Har. Brothers to him ere long shall be my sonne,
By wedding this young girle: You are welcome both,
Nay kisse her, kisse, tho that she shall
Be your Brothers wife, to kisse the cheeke is free.

Tho. Kisse, Sfut what else? thou art a good plumpe wench, I like you well, prethee make haste and bring store of boyes, but bee sure they haue good faces, that they may call me vnckle.

Io. Glad of so faire a sister, I salute you.

Har. Good, good yfaith, this kissings good yfaith,
I lou'd to smacke it too when I was young,
But Mum: they haue felt thy cheek Clare, let them hear thy tung.

Clar. Such welcome as befits my *Scarborrows* brothers,
From me his troth-plight wife be sure to haue,
And tho my tongue proue scant in any part,
The bounds be sure are large, full in my hart.

Thomas

Tho. Tut, thats not that we doubt on wench, but do you heare Sir Iohn, what doe you thinke drue mee from London, and the Innes of Court, thus farre into Yorkſhire?

Har. I geſſe to ſee this girle, ſhal be your ſiſter.

Tho. Faith, and I geſſe part'y ſo too, but the maine was and I will tel it to you, that your comming nowe in this wife into our kindred, I might be acquainted with you afore hand, that after my brother had married your daughter, I his brother might borrow ſom money of you.

Har. What? Do you borrow of your kindred Sir?

Tho. Why what elſe, they being intereſt in my blood, why ſhould not I haue intereſt in their coyne, Beſides Sir, I hope you my brother, would be aſhamed of my generation if I would not borrow of any man that would lend, eſpecially of my affinitie, of whom I keepe a Kalender. And looke you Sir, thus I goe over the firſt Cofen my Vnckles, often ore mine Aunts, then vp to my Great Grandfire, ſtraight downe to my Nieces, to this Cofen Thomas, and that Cofen Ieffrey, leauing the courteous claw giuen to more of their elſowes, euen vnto the thirde and fourth remoue of any that hath intereſt in our blood. All which do vpon their former made by me duely and faithfully promiſe for appearance, and to as they are, I hope we ſhall be, more indeed, but only better, and more feelingly acquainted.

Har. You are a merie Gentleman.

Tho. Tis the hope of mirth makes me ſo, and I know none but fooles vſe to be ſad with it.

Iob. From Oxford am I drawne, from ſerious ſtudies
Expecting that my Lord would haue ſo ſurd
With you his beſt of choyſe, and t. is good Knight.

Har. His abſence ſhall not make our harts leſſe merrie
Then if we had his preſence. Ye die ere long,
Will bring him backe, when one the other meets,
At noone ith Church, at night betweene the ſheets
Weele waſh this chat with wine. Some wine: fill vp,
The ſharpneſſe of the wit, is a full cup. And ſo to you Sir,

Tho. Do and Ile drink to my new ſiſter, but vpon this condition, that ſhe may haue quiet dayes, hot reſt a nights, ha pleaſant afternoones, beegiuant to my brother, and lend me money when euer Ile borrow it.

Har. Nay, nay, nay,
Women are weake and we muſt beare with them,
Your frolicke healths, are onely fit for men,
Tho. Well, I am contented, women muſt to the wal, tho it be to a feather-bed. Fill vp then.

Enter Clowne.

Clo. From London am I come, tho not with pipe and Drum,
Yet I bring matter, in this poore paper,
Will make my young miſtris, delighting in kiſſes,
Do as all Maidens will, hearing of ſuch an ill,
As to haue loſt, the thing they wiſht moſt,
A Husband, a Husband, a pretty ſweet Husband,
Cry oh, oh, oh, and alas, And at laſt ho, ho, ho, as I do.
Clar. Returnd ſo ſoone from London? Whats the newes?
Clow. O miſtris, if euer you haue ſeene *Demonicea cleare* look into mine eyes, mine eyes are *Seuerne*, plaine *Seuerne*, the Thames, nor the Ryuer of *Tweed* are nothing to em: Nay all the rayne that fell at *Noahs* flood, had not the diſcretion that my eyes haue: that drunke but vp the whole world, and I ha drownd all the way betwixt this and London.
Cla. Thy newes good Robbin.
Clow. My newes miſtres, Ile tell you ſtrange newes, the duſt vpon London way, being ſo great, that not a Lorde, Gentleman, Knight, or Knaue could trauell, leaſt his eies ſhould bee blowne out: At laſt, they all agreed to hyre me to go before them, when I looking but vpon this Letter, did with this water, this very water, lay the duſt, as well as if it had raind from the beginning of Aprill to the laſt of May.
Clar. A Letter from my Scarborrow, giue it thy miſtris.
Clow. But Miſtris.
Cla. Prethee be gon,
I would not haue my father nor this Gentlemen,
Be witnes of the comfort it doth bring.
Clo. Oh but miſtris. *Cla.* Prethee begone,
With this, and the glad newes, leaue me alone. *Exit Clo.*
Tho. Tis your turne Knight, take your liquor, know I am bountifull, Ile forgiue any man any thing that hee owes mee, but his drinke, and that Ile be paid for.

Cla

Cla. Nay Gentlemen the honesty of myrth
Consists not in Carowsing with excesse,
My father hath more welcomes then in wine:
Pray you no more.

Tho. Sayes my sister so, Ile be ruld by thee then. Do you heare, in hope hereafter youle lend me some mony, now we are halfe drunk lets go to dinner. Come Knight. *Exeunt. Manet Cla,*

Clar. I am glad your gone,
Shall I now opent: no, Ile kisse it first,
Because his outside last did kisse his hand.
Within this fould, Ile calt a sacred sheet,
Are writ blacke lines, when our white harts shall meet,
Before I ope this dore of my delight,
Methinkes I gesse how kindly he doth write,
Of his true Loue to me, as Chuck, Sweet-hart,
I prethee do not thinke the time too long,
That keepes vs from the sweets of marriage rites,
And then he sets my name and kisses it,
Wishing my lips his sheet to write vpon,
With like desire methinkes as mine owne thoughts,
Aske him now heere for me to looke vpon,
Yet at the last thinking his loue too slacke,
Ere it arriue at my desired eyes,
He hastens vp his message with like speed,
Euen as I breake this ope, wishing to read:
Oh: whats heer? Mine eyes are not mine owne? sure th'are not,
Tho you ha bin my lamps this sixteene years, *Lets fall the Let.*
You do belie my Scarborrow reading so;
Forgiue him, he is married, that were Ill:
What lying lights are these. Looke I ha no such Letter,
No wedded sillable of the least wrong
Done to a Troth-plight-Virgin like my selfe.
Beshrow you for your blindnes: Forgiue him, he is married.
I know my Scarborrowes constancie to me,
Is as firme knit, as faith to Charity,
That I shall kisse him often, hug him thus,
Be made a happy and a fruitfull Mother
Of many prosperous children like to him,

And

And read I, he was maried ? Askt forgiuenes?
What a blind Foole was I ? yet heeres a Letter
To whom directed tro ? To my beloued Clare.
Why Law?
Women will read, and read not that they ſaw.
T'was but my fervent loue miſled mine eyes,
Ile once againe to the Inſide, *Forgiue me, I am married: William Scarborrow.* He has ſet his name too't to,
O periury ? within the harts of men
Thy feaſts are kept, their tongues proclaimeth them.

Enter Thomas Scarborrow.

Tho. Siſter, Gods precious, the cloths laide, the meate cooles, we a'll ſtay, and your father cals for you.

Clar. Kind Sir, excuſe me I pray you a little,
Ile but peruſe this Letter and come ſtraight.

Tho. Pray you make haſt, the meat ſtaies for vs, and our ſtomacks ready for the meat, for beleeue this,
Drinke makes men hungry, or it makes them lie,
And he thats drunke ore night, ith mornings dry,
Come and approued. *Exit.*

Clar. He was contracted mine, yet he vniuſt
Is married to another: whats my eſtate then?
A wretched maid, not fit for any man,
Hauing vowed ſo with plighted faiths,
Who euer ſues to me conſumes in ſhame,
Abridgeth me, and who ſhall marry me?
Is like my ſelfe, liues in Adultery. (O God)
That ſuch hard Fortune, ſhould betide my youth.
I am Young, Fayre, Rich, Honeſt, Vertuous,
Yet all this, who ere ſhall marry mee
I am but his whore liue in Adultery.
Cannot flie into the path of pleaſure
For which I was created, borne vnto,
For me but here to liue poore, rich or poore,
In ſome wed-lock I muſt liue a ſtate,
I muſt be made a ſlaue perforce vnto my will,
A name I haue abhord, a ſhame I did
Thinke vtchewed, and now cannot withſtand it
In my ſelfe. I am my fathers onely child, In

In me he hath a hope, tho not his name
Can be increast, yet by my Issue
His land shall be possest, his age delighted.
And tho that I should vow a single life
To keepe my soule vnspotted, yet will he
Inforce me to a marriage:
So that my griefe doth of that waight consist,
It helpes me nor to yeeld, nor to resist:
And was I then created for a Whore? A whore,
Bad name, bad act, Bad man makes me a scorn:
Then hue a Strumpet? Better be vnborne. *Enter Iohn Scarborow*
Sister, Pray you will you come,
Your father and the whole meeting stayes for you.
Clar. I come, I come, I pray returne: I come.
Iohn I must not goe without you.
Clare, Be thou my Vsher, sooth Ile follow you *Exit*
He writes here to forgiue him, he is marryed:
False Gentleman: I do forgiue thee with my hart,
Yet will I send an answere to thy letter,
And in so short words thou shalt weep to read them,
And hears my agent ready: *Forgiue me, I am dead.*
Tis writ, and I will act it: Be iudge you Mayds
Haue trusted the false promises of men.
Be iudge you wiues, the which haue been inforst
From the white sheets you lou'd, to them ye loathed:
Whether this *Axiome* may not be assured,
Better one sinne, then many be endured.
My armes imbracings, Kisses, Chastity,
Were his possessions: and whilst I liue.
He doth but steale those pleasures he enioyes
Is an Adulterer in his married armes,
And neuer goes to his defiled bed,
But God writes sin vpon the Testers head
Ile be a Wife now, helpe to saue his soule
Tho I haue lost his body, giue a stake
To his iniquities, and with one sinne
Done by this hand, ende many done by him.
Farwell the world, then farewell the wedded ioyes

Till this I haue hop't for, from that Gentleman,
Scarborrow, forgiue me: thus thou haſt loſt thy wife,
Yet record would, though by an act too foule,
A wife thus did to cleanſe her husbands foule.

Enter Sir Iohn Harcop.

Har. Gods precious, for his mercy, wheres this wench?
Muſt all my friends and gueſts attend on you?
Where are you Minion?

Clar. Scarborrow come cloſe mine eyes, for I am dead.

Har. That ſad voyce was not hers I hope:
Whoſe this, my daughter?

Clar. Your daughter,
That begs of you to ſee her buried,
Proues Scarborrow to forgiue her: ſhe is dead. *Dyes.*

Har. Patience good teares, and let my words haue way
Clare, my daughter, Help my ſeruants there:
Lift vp thine eyes, and looke vpon thy father,
They were not borne to looſe their light ſo ſoone,
I neuer begat thee for my comforter,
And not to be the Author of my care.
Why ſpeakſt thou not? Some helpe my Seruants there:
What hand hath made thee pale? Or if thine owne,
What cauſe hadſt thou that wert thy fathers Ioy,
The Treaſure of his age, the Cradle of his ſleepe,
His all in all? I prethee ſpeake to me?
Thou art no hope for death, come backe againe,
Clare, my Clare, If death muſt needs haue one,
I am the fitteſt, I prethee let me go,
Thou dying whilſt I liue, I am dead with woe.

Enter Thomas, and Iohn Scarborrow.

Tho. What meanes this outcry?

Io. O ruthfull ſpectacle

Har. Thou wert no wont to be ſo ſullen childe,
But kind and louing to thy aged father:
Awake, awake, be thy laſting ſleepe,
Would I had teares inough for griefe, nor eies to weepe.

Io. What Papers this, the ſad contents doth tell me,
My Brother writ, he hath broke his faith to her,
And ſhe replies, for him ſhe hath kild her ſelfe.

Har.

Har. Was that the cauſe that thou haſt foyld thy ſelfe,
With theſe red ſpots, theſe bleared eies of beauty?
My child, my childe, waſt periury in him,
Made thee to fayre, act now to foule a ſinne,
That he deceiued thee in a Mothers hope,
Poſterity, the bliſſe of marriage?
Thou haſt no tung to anſwere no, or I,
But in red Letters writes: For him I die,
Curſe on his Traiterous tung, his youth, his blood,
His pleaſures, Children, and poſſeſsions,
Be ill his dayes like winter, comfortleſſe:
Reſtles his nights, his wants Remercileſſe,
And may his Corps be the Phiſitians ſtage,
Which plaid vpon, ſtands not to honored Age,
Or with diſeaſes may he lie and pine,
Till greefe wax blind his eies, as greefe doth mine. *Exit*

Iob. O good old man, made wretched by this deed,
The more thy age, were to be pitied.

Enter Scarborrow, his wife Katherine, Ilford, Wentle, Barley and Butler.

Ilf. What ride by the gate, & not call, that were a ſhame yfaith.

Went. Weel, but taſte of his Beere, kiſſe his Daughter, and to horſe againe wheres the good Knight heare?

Scar. You bring me to my ſhame vnwillingly.

Ilf. Shamed of what, for deceiuing of a wench, I ma not bluſhe, that ha dunt to a hundred of em.
In womens loue hees wiſe, doth follow this,
Loue one ſo long till her another kille.
Wheres the good Knight heere?

Io. O Brother, you are come to make your ele
Sad mourner at a fatall Tragedy.
Peruſe this Letter firſt, and then this Corps.

Scar. O wronged Clare? Accurſed Scarborrow?
I writ to her, that I was married,
She writes to me, forgive her ſhe is dead:
Ile balme thy body with my faithfull teares,
And be perpetuall mourner at thy Tombe,
Ile ſacrifice this Commit into ſighes,

Make a conſumption of this pile of man,
And all the benefits my parents gaue,
Shall turne diſtempered to appeaſe the wrath
For this blood ſhed, and I am guilty of.
Kat. Deere husband.
Scar. Falſe woman, not my wife, tho married to me,
Looke what thy friends, and thou art guilty of,
The murther of a creature, equald heauen
In her Creation, whoſe thoughts like fire,
Neuer lookt baſe, but euer did aſpire
To bleſſed benefits, till you and yours vndid her,
Eye her, view, tho dead, yet ſhe dus looke,
Like a freſh frame, or a new printed booke
Of the beſt paper, neuer lookt into,
But with one fullied finger, which did ſpot her,
Which was her owne too, but who was cauſe of it,
Thou and thy friends, and I will loath thee fort.
Enter Sir John Harcop.
Har. They do bely her that do ſay ſhees dead,
She is but ſtraid to ſome by-gallery,
And I muſt ha her againe. Clare, where art thou Clare?
Scar. Here, laid to take her euerlaſting ſleepe.
Har. A lyes that ſayes ſo,
Yet now I know thee, I do lie that ſay it,
For if ſhe be a villen like thy ſelfe,
A periurd Traitor, recreant, miſcreant,
Dog, a dog, a dog, has dunt.
Scar. O Sir Iohn Harcop.
Har. O Sir Iohn villen, to be troth thy ſelfe
To this good creature, harmeleſſe, harmeles child,
This kernell hope, and comfort of my houſe,
Without Inforcement, of thine own accord,
Draw all her ſoule ith compaſſe of an oth,
Take that oth from her, make her for none but thee,
And then betray her?
Scar. Shame on them were the cauſe of it.
Har. But harke what thou haſt got by it,
Thy wife's but a ſtrumpet, thy children Baſtards,

Thy

Thy ſelfe a murderer, thy wife, acceſsary,
Thy bed a ſtewes, thy houſe a Brothell.
Scar. O, tis too true.
Har. I, made a wretched father childles.
Scar. I, made a married man, yet wiueles.
Har. Thou the cauſe of it.
Scar. Thou the cauſe of it.
Har. Curſe on the day that ere it was begun,
For I an old man am, vndone, vndone. *Exit*
Scar. For Charity haue care vpon your father,
Leaſt that his greefe, bring on a more miſhap,
This to my armes, my ſorrow ſhall bequeath,
Tho I haue loſt her, to thy graue Ile bring,
Thou wert my wife, and Ile thy *Requiem* ſing:
Go you to the Country, Ile to London backe,
All tyot now, ſince that my ſoules ſo blacke. *Exit with Clare.*
Ka. Thus am I left like Sea-toſt-Marriners,
My Fortunes being no more then my diſtreſſe,
Vpon what ſhore ſoeuer I am driuen.
Be it good or bad, I muſt account it heauen,
Tho married, I am reputed not a wife,
Neglected of my Husband, ſcornd, deſpiſ'd,
And tho my loue and true obedience
Lies proſtrate to his beeke, his heedles eye,
Receiues my ſeruices vnworthily.
I know no cauſe, nor will be cauſe of none,
But hope for better dayes when bad be gone,
You are my guide, whether muſt I, Butler?
But. Toward Wakefield, where my maſters liuing lyes.
Ka. Toward Wakefield where thy maiſter weele attend,
When things are at the worſt, tis hopt theyle mend.
Enter Thomas, and Iohn Scarborrow.
Tho. How now ſiſter, no further forward on your iourney yet?
Ka. When greefes before one, who'd go on to griefe,
Ide rather turne me backe to find ſome comfort.
Iohn And that way ſorrowes hurtfuller then this,
My Brother hauing brought vnto a graue,
That murthered body whom he cald his wife,

And

And ſpent ſo many teares vpon her Heaſe,
As would haue made a Tyrant to relent,
Then kneeling at her Coffin, thus he vowd,
From thence he neuer would embrace your bed.

Tho. The more Foole he.

Iohn Neuer from hence acknowledge you his wife,
When others ſtriue to enrich their fathers name,
It ſhould be his only ayme, to begger his,
To ſpend their meanes, and in his onely pride,
Which with a ſigh confirmd, hees rid to London,
Vowing a courſe, that by his life ſo foule
Men nere ſhould ioyn the hands, without the ſoule.

Kath. All is but griefe, and I am armd for it.

Iohn Weel bring you on your way in hope thats ſtrong
Time may at length make ſtrait. what yet is wrong. *Exit.*

Enter Iſford, Wentloe, Barley.

Went. Hees our owne, hees our own, Come, lets make vſe of his wealth, as the ſunn of Ice: Melt it, melt it.

Iſf. But art ſure he will hold his meeting.

Wen. As ſure as I am now, & was dead drunke laſt night.

Iſf. Why then ſo ſure will I be arreſted by a couple of Sergeants, and fall into one of the vnlucky Crankes about Cheapſide, caſd Counters.

Bar. Withall, I haue prouided M. *Gripe* the Vſurer, whoe vpon the inſtant will be ready to ſtep in, charge the Seargeaunts to keepe thee faſt, and that now hee will haue his fiue hundered pounds, or thou ſhalt rot for it.

Went: When it followes, young *Scarborow* ſhall be bounde for the one: then take vp as much more, we ſhare the one half, & help him to be drunke with the other.

Iſf. Ha, ha, ha. *Enter Scarborow.*

Bar. Why, doſt laugh Franke?

Iſf. To ſee that wee and Vſurers liue by the fal of yong heirs as ſwine by the dropping of Acorns. But hees come. Where be thoſe Rogues? ſhall we ha no tendance here?

Scarb. Good day Gentlemen.

Iſf. A thouſand good dayes, my noble Bully, and as manye good fortunes as there wer Graſhoppers in Egypt, and thats co-

uered

nered ouer with good lucke: but Nouns, Pronounes, and Participles. Where be theſe Rogues here: what, ſhall we haue no Wine here? *Enter Drawer.*

Drawer Anon, anon, ſir.

Ilf. Anon, goodman Raſcall, muſt wee ſtay your leyſure? geet vs by and by, with apoxe to you.

Scar. O, do not hurt the fellow? *Exit Drawer*

Ilf. Hurt him, hang him, Scrape-trencher, ſtar-warn, Wine ſpiller, mettle-clancer, Rogue by generation. Why, doſt heare *Will*? If thou doſt not vſe theſe Grape-ſpillers as you doe theyr pottle-pots, quoit em down ſtayres three or foure times at a ſupper, theyle grow as ſawcy with you as Sergeants, and make bils more vnconſcionable then Taylors. *Enter Drawer*

Draw. Heres the pure and neat grape Gent. I hate for you.

Ilford. Fill vp: what ha you brought here, goodman roge?

Drawer The pure element of Claret ſir.

Ilf. Ha you ſo, and did not I call for Rheniſh you Mungrell? *Throws the wine in the Drawers face.*

Scar. Thou needſt no wine, I prethee be more mild?

Ilf. Be mild in a Tauerne, tis treaſon to the red Lettyce, enemy to their ſigne poſt, and ſlaue to humor:
Prethee, lets be mad,
Then fill our heads with wine, till euery pate be drunke,
Then piſſe i'the ſtreet, Iuſtell all you meet, and with a Punke,
As thou wilt do now and then: Thanke me thy good
Mayſter, that brought thee to it. *Exit*

Went. Nay, he profits well, but the worſt is he will not ſweare

Scar. Do not belie me: If there be any good in me thats the beſt: Oathes are neceſſary for nothing, They paſſe out of a mans mouth, like ſmoake through a chimney, that ſiles all the way it goes. *Went.* Why then I think *Tobacco* be a kind of ſwearing, for it furs our noſe pockily.

Scar. But come, lets drinke our ſelues into a ſtomach afor ſupper. *Ilf.* Agreed. Ile begin with a new health. Fill vp.

To them that wake I and fly,
By wine, whores, and a Dice.
To them that only thriues,
By kiſſing others Wiues,

To

To them that pay for cloathes,
With nothing but with Oathes:
Care not from whom they get,
So they may be in debt:
This health my harts drinkes.
But who their Taylors pay,
Borrow, and keepe their day,
Weel hold him like this Glaſſe,
A brainleſſe empty Aſſe,
And not a mate for vs.
Drinke round my harts.

Wen. An excellent health.

Enter Drawer. Mayſter *Ilford*, theres a couple of ſtrangers beneath deſires to ſpeake with you.

Ilf. What beards ha they? Gentleman-like-beards, or broker-like-beards?

Drawer I am not ſo well acquainted with the Art of Face-mending ſir: but they would ſpeake with you.

Ilf. Ile goe downe to em.

Went. Doe: and weele ſtay here and drinke Tobacco.

Scarb. Thus like a Feuer that doth ſhake a man
From ſtrength to weakneſſe, I conſume my ſelfe:
I know this company, theyr cuſtome vilde,
Hated, abhord of good-men, yet like a childe
By reaſons rule inſtructed how to know
I will from good, I to the worſer go.
Why doe you ſuffer this, you vpper powers,
That I ſhould ſurfet in the ſinne I taſt,
haue ſence to feele my miſchiefe, yet make waſt
Of heauen and earth:
My ſelfe will anſwer, what my ſelfe doth aske?
Who once doth cheriſh ſinne, begets his ſhame,
For vice being foſterd onte, coms Impudence,
Which makes men count ſinne, Cuſtom, not offence,
When all like mee, their reputation blot,
Purſuing euil, while the good's forgot.

Enter Ilford led in by a couple of Sergeants, and Gripe the Vſurer.

Ser. Nay, neuer ſtriue, we can hold you.

Ilf.

Ilf. I, me, and any man elſe, and a fall into your Clutches: Let go your tugging, as I am a Gentleman, Ile be your true priſoner.

Wen. How now: whats the matter Franke?

Ilf. I am fallen into the hands of Sergiants, I am areſted.

Tart. How, arreſt a Gentleman in our company?

Ilf. Put vp, put vp, for ſins ſake put vp, lets not all ſuppe in the Counter to night, let me ſpeak with maiſter *Gripe* the Creditor.

Grip. Well: what ſay you to me Sir?

Ilf. You haue arreſted me heere maiſter Gripe.

Gri. Not I Sir, the Sergiants haue.

Ilf. But at your ſute maſter Gripe: yet hear me, as I am a Gent.

Gri. I rather you could ſay as you were an honeſt man, and then I might beleeue you.

Ilf. Yet heare me.

Gri. Heare me no hearings, I lent you my mony for good will.

Ilf. And I ſpent it for meere neceſsity, I confeſſe I owe you fiue hundred pound, and I confeſſe I owe not a peny to any man, but he wold be glad to haue: my bond you haue already maſter Gripe If you will, now take my word.

Grip. Word me no wordes: Officers looke to your priſoner: If you cannot either make me preſent paiment, or put me in ſecurity ſuch as I ſhall like too,

Ilf. Such as you ſhall like too: what ſay you to this young Gent. He is the widgen that wee muſt feed vpon.

Grip. Who young maiſter Scarborrow, he is an honeſt Gentleman for ought I know, I nere loſt peny by him.

Ilf. I would be aſhamd any man ſhould ſay ſo by me that I haue had dealings withall: But my inforced friends, wilt pleaſe you but to retire into ſome final diſtance, whilſt I diſcend with a few words to theſe Gentlemen, and Ile commit my ſelfe into your hands immediately.

Ser. Well ſir weele wait vpon you.

Ilf. Gentlemen I am to proferre ſome conference, and in eſpecially to you maiſter Scarborrow, our meeting here for your ſake hath proued to me thus aduerſe, that in your company I am Arreſted: How ill it will ſtand with the flouriſh of your reputations when men of franke and note communicate that I Franke Ilford, Gentlem. whoſe Fortunes may tranſcend, to make ample Gratu-

ties future, and heape satisfaction for any present extention of his friends kindnes, was Inforced from the Miter in Bredstreet, to the Counter i'th Pou'trey: for mine owne part, if you shall thinke it meet, and that it shall acord with the state of gentry, to submit my selfe from the featherbed in the Maisters side, or the Flock-bed in the Knights warde, to the straw-bed in the hole, I shall buckle to my heeles insted of guilt spurs, the armour of patience, and doote.

Went. Come, come, what a pox need all this, this is *Mellis Flora*, the sweetest of the hony, he that was not made to fat Cattel, but to feed Gentlemen.

Bart. You weare good cloaths.

Wen. Are well descended.

Bart. Keepe the best company.

Went. Should regard your credit.

Bar. Stand not vpon't, be bound, be bound.

Wen. Ye are richly married.

Bar. Loue not your wife.

Wen. Haue store of friends.

Bar. Who shall be your heyre.

Wen. The sonne of some slaue.

Bar. Some groome.

Wen. Some Horse-keeper.

Bart. Stand not vpon't, be bound, be bound.

Scar. Well at your Importance, for once Ile stretch my purse
Whose borne to sinke, as good this way as worse.

went. Now speakes my Bully like a Gentleman of worth.

Bart. Of merit.

went. Fit to be regarded.

Bar. That shall command our soules.

went. Our swords.

Bart. Our selues.

Iff. To feed vpon you as *Pharoes* leane kine did vpon the fat.

Scar. Maister Gripe is my bond currant for this Gentleman.

Iff. Good security you Ægyptian Grashopper, good security?

Gri. And for as much more kinde Maister Scarborrow.
Prouided that men mortal as we are,
May haue.

Scar. May haue security.

Grips

Gri. Your bond with land conuaid, which may assure me of mine owne againe. *Scar.* You shal be satisfied, and Ile become your debter, for full fiue hundred more then he doth owe you.
This night we sup heere, beare vs company,
And bring your Counsell, Scriuener, and the mony with you,
Where I wil make as ful assurance as in the Law you'd wish.
Gri. I take your word Sir,
And so discharge you of your prisoner.
Ilf. Why then lets come and take vp a new roome, the infected hath spit in this.
He that hath store of Coyne, wants not a friend,
Thou shalt receiue sweet rogue, and we will spend. *Exeunt.*

Enter Thomas and Iohn Scarborrow,

Ioh. Brother, you see the extreamity of want
Inforceth vs to question for our owne,
The rather that we see, not like a Brother
Our Brother keepes from vs to spend on other.
Tho. True, he has in his hands our portions, the patrimony which our Father gaue vs, with which he lies fatting himselfe with Sacke and sugar in the house, and we are faine to walke with lean purses abroad. Credit must be maintained which wil not be without mony, Good cloaths must be had, which will not be without money, company must be kept which wil not be without money, all which we must haue, and from him we will haue money.
Io. Besides, we haue brought our sister to this Towne,
That she her selfe hauing her owne from him,
Might bring her selfe in Court to be preferd,
Vnder some Noble personage, or els that he
Whose friends are great in Court. By his late match,
As he is in nature bound, prouide for her.
Tho. And he shall do it brother, tho we haue waited at his lodging, longer then a Taylours bil on a young Knight for an old reckoning, without speaking with him, Heere we know he is, and we wil call him to parle.
Io. Yet let vs doot in mild and gentle termes,
Faire words perhaps may sooner draw our owne,
Then ruffer courses by which his mischiefe grown. *Ex. Draw*
Dr. Anon, anon, looke downe into the Dolphine there.
Tho. Here comes a drawer we wil question him. L2 Do

Tho Doe you heare my friend, is not maiſter Scarborow here?

Draw. Here ſir, what a ieſt is that, where ſhould he bee elſe, I would haue you well know my maiſter hopes to grow rich before he leaues him.

Io. How long hath he continued heere ſince he came hether.

Draw. Faith Sir not ſo long as Noahs floude, yet long enough to haue drowned vp the liuings of three Knights, as Knights goes now adaies, ſome moneth or there abouts.

Iohn. Time ill conſumed to ruinate our houſe,
But what are they that keepe him company?

Draw. *Pitch, Pitch*, but I muſt not ſay ſo, but for your further ſatisfaction, did you euer ſee a young whelpe and a Lyon plaie together.

Iohn. Yes.

Draw. Such is maiſter *Scarborrows* company.

Within Oliuer.

Draw. Anon, anon, looke downe to the Pomgranate there.

Tho. I prethee ſay heeres them would ſpeake with him.

Draw. Ile do your meſsage: Anon, anon there. *Exit*

Iohn This foole ſpeakes wiſer then he is aware,
young heires left in this towne where ſins ſo ranke,
And prodigals gape to grow fat by them,
Are like young whelps throwne in the Lyons den,
Who play with them awhile, at length deuoure them.

Enter Scarborrow.

Scar. Whoſe there would ſpeake with me?

Iohn. Your Brothers, who are glad to ſee you well.

Scar, Well.

Iohn. Tis not your ryot, that we heare you vſe,
(With ſuch as waſt their goods, as Time the world
With a continuall ſpending, nor that you keepe
The companie of a moſt Leprous route,
Conſumes your bodies wealth, infects your name
With ſuch Plague-ſores, that had you reaſons eie,
Twould make you ſicke, to ſee you viſit them)
Hath drawne vs, but our wants to craue the dew
Our father gaue, and yet remaines with you.

Tho. Our Byrth-right good brother, this Towne craues maintai-

teinance, silke stockings must be had, and we would be loath our heritage shou'd be arraigned at the Vintners bar, and so condemned to the Vintners box, though while you did keepe house, wee had some Belly-timber at your Table, or so, yet wee would haue you think, we are your Brothers, yet no Iaus to sell our patrimony for Porridge.

Scar. So, so, what hath your comming else?

Io. With vs our sister loynes in our request,
Whom we haue brought along with vs to London,
To haue her portion, wherewith to prouide,
An honord seruice, or an honest bride.

Scar. So, then you two my Brothers, and she my sister, come not as in duty you are bound, to an elder brother, out of Yorkshire to see vs, but like leaches to sucke from vs.

Io. We come compeld by want to craue our owne.

Scar. Sir, for your owne, then thus be satisfied,
Both hers and yours were left in trust with me,
And I will keepe it for ye: Must you appoint vs,
Or what we please to like mixt with reproofe,
You haue bin to sawcy both, and you shall know,
Ile curbe you for it, aske why; Ile haue it so?

Io. We do but craue our owne.

Scar. Your owne sir: whats your owne?

Tho. Our portions giuen vs by our fathers will.

Io. Which here you spend.

Tho. Consume?

Io. Wayes woe then ill.

Scar. Ha, ha, ha.

Enter Ilford.

Ilf. Nay, nay, nay, *Wil*: prethy come away, we haue a full gallon of Sacke staies in the fire for thee, thou must pledge it to the health of a friend of thine.

Scar. What dost thinke these are Franke?

Ilf. They are Fidlers I thinke, if they be, I prethe sende them into the next roome, and let them scrape there, and weell send to them presently.

Scar. They are my brothers Franke, come out of Yorkeshire,
To the Tauerne here, to aske their portions:

they call my pleaſures, ryots, my company Leproes, & like a ſchool boy, they would tutor me?

Ilf. O, thou ſhouldſt haue done wel to haue bound them prentiſes when they were young, they woulde haue made a couple of ſawcy Taylers. *Tho.* Taylers?

Ilf. I Birdlime: Taylers: Taylours are good men, and in the Terme time they weare good Cloathes. Come, you muſt learne more manners, ſtaad at your Brothers backe, as to ſhift a Treancher neately, and take a Cuppe of Sacke, and a Capons legge contentedly.

Tho. You are a ſlaue
That feeds vpon my brother like a flie,
Poyſoning where thou doſt ſucke.

Scar. You lie.

Io. O, to my griefe I ſpeake it, you ſhall find,
Theres no more difference in a Tauern-haunter
Then is betweene a Spittle and a Begger.

Tho. Thou workſt on him like Tempeſts on a ſhip.

Io. And he the worthy Trafficke that doth ſinke.

Tho. Thou makſt his name more loathſome then a graue.

Io. Lieſt like a Dog, by vomit,

Tho. Die a ſlaue?

Heere they draw. Wentlo, and Bartley come in, and the two Vintners boyes, with Clubbes. All ſet vpon the two Brothers. Butler, Scarborrows man comes in, ſtands by, ſees them fight takes part with neyther.

But. Do, fight: I loue you all well, becauſe you were my olde maſters ſonnes, but Ile neither part you, nor be partaker with you. I come to bring my maſt. newes, he hath two ſons borne at a birth in Yorkſhire, and I find him together by the ears with his brothers in a Tauerne in London. Brother and brother at ods, tis naught: ſure, it was not thus in the dayes of charity. Whats this world lyke to? Faith iuſt like an Inne-keepers Chamber-pot, receiues all waters, good and bad, I ſhall need of much ſcouring. My old maſt. kept a good houſe, and twenty or thirty tall ſwords and Buckler men about him, and yfayth his ſonne differs not much, he wil haue mettle to, tho he hath not ſtore of Cutlers blades, he will haue plentie of Vintners pots. His father kept a good houſe for honeſt men,

his

his Tenants, that brought him in part, and his son keeps a badde house with Knaues that helpe to consume al. Tis but the change of time: why shoulde any man repyne at it: Crekits, good liuing, and lucky wormes, were wont to feede, sing, and reioyce in the fathers chimney, and nowe Carrion Crowes builds in the sons Kitchen, I could be sorry for it, but I am too old to weepe. Well then, I will go tel him newes of his of-springs. *Exit*

Enter the two brothers, Thomas and Iohn Scarborrow hurt, and sister.

Sist. A'as good Brothers, how came this mischance?

Tho. Our portions, our brother hath giuen vs our portions sister, hath he not?

Sist. He would not be so monstrous I am sure.

Io. Excuse him not, he is more degenerate,
Then greedy Vipers that deuoure their mother,
They eat on her but to preserue themselues,
And he consumes himselfe, and Beggers vs.
A Taueme is his Lone, where amongst Slaues,
He kils his substance, making pots the graues
To bury that which our forefathers gaue.
I askt him for our portions, to'd him that you
Were brought to London, and we were in want,
Humbly we craue our owne, when his Reply
Was, he knew none we had, beg, starue, or die.

Sist. Alas what course is left for vs to liue by then?

Tho In troth sister, we two to beg in the fields,
And you to betake your selfe to the old trade,
Filling of smal Cans in the suburbes.

Sist Shall I be left then like a common road,
That euery beast that can but pay his tole
May trauel ouer, and like to Cammomil,
Flourish the better being trodden on. *Enter Butler bleeding.*

But, Well I will not curse him: he feedes now vppon Sacke & Anchoues with a pox to him: but if he be not shine before he dies to eate Acornes, let me liue with nothing but polterd, and my mouth be made a Cookingstoole for euery scolde to set her tayle on.

Tho. How now Butler, whats the meaning of this?

But. Your brother meanes to lame as many as he can, that

when he is

is a begger himselfe, many liue with him in the Hosp'tal. His wife sent me out of Yorkshire, to tell him that God had blest him with two sonnes, he bids a plague of them, a vengeance of her, crosses mee ore the pate, and sendes mee to the Surgeons to seeke salue: I looket at least he should haue giuen me a brace of Angels for my paines.

Tho. Thou hast not lost all thy longing, I am sure he hath giuen thee a crackt crowne.

But. A plague on his fingers, I cannot tel, he is your Brother & my maister, I would be loath to Prophesie of him, but who soere doth curse his Children being Infants, ban his wife lying in childbed, and beats his man brings him newes of it, they may bee borne rich, but they shall liue Slaues, be Knaues, and die Beggers.

Sist. Did he do so.

But. Gesse you, he bid a plague of them, a vengeance on her, & sent me to the Surgeons.

Sist. Why then I see there is no hope of him. Some husbandes are respectles of their wiues,
During the time that they are yfuleſſe,
But none with Infants blest, can nourish hate,
But loue the mother for the childrens sake.

Io. But hee that is giuen ouer vnto sin,
I reproued therewith without, and so within,
O Butler, we were yfsue to one father?

But. And he was an honest Gentleman.

Io. Whose hopes were better then the sunne he left,
Should set so soon, vnto his houses shame.
He liues in Tauernes, spending of his wealth,
And heere his Brothers and distressed Sister,
Not hauing any meanes to helpe vs with.

Tho. Not a Scots Baubee (by this hand) to blesse vs with.

Io. And not content to ryot out his owne,
But he detaines our portions: suffers vs
In this strange Ayre, open to euery wracke,
Whilst he in ryot swims to be in lacke.

But. The mores the pitty.

Sist. I know not what course to take me to,
Hone'y tame would liue: What shall I do?

But. Sooth Ile tell you, your brother hath hurt vs,
We three will hurt you, and then go all to a ſpittle together.

Sift. Ieſt not at her, whoſe burden is too grieuous,
But rather lend a meanes how to releeue vs.

But. Well I do pitty you, and her for because you faire, you woulde faine liue honeſt and want meanes, for it for I can tell you tis as ſtrange heere to ſee a maid faire, poore, and honeſt, as to ſee a Collier with a cleane face. Maids heere do liue (eſpecially without maintenance)
Like Mice going to a trap,
They nibble long at laſt they get a clap.
Your father was my good Benefactor and gaue me a houſe whilſt I liue to put my head in: for I would be loth then to ſee his onely daughter, for want of meanes, turne punk, I haue a drift to keepe you honeſt Haue you a care to keepe your ſelfe ſo, yet you ſhall not know of it, for womens tounges are like ſiues, they will holde nothing, they haue power to vent. You two will further me.

Iohn. In any thing good honeſt Butler.

Tho. If be to take a purſe Ile be one.

But. Perhaps thou ſpeakeſt righter then thou art aware of: well, as chance is, I haue receiued my wages: there is forty ſhillings for you, Ile ſet you in a lodging, and till you heare from vs, let that prouide for you, weele firſt to the ſurgeons.
To keepe you honeſt, and to keepe you braue,
For once an honeſt man will turne a Knaue. *Exeunt.*

Enter Scarborrow hauing a Boy carrying a Torch with him, Iffords Wentlo. and Bearer,

Scar. Boy, bear the Torch faire: Now am I armd to fight with a Wind-mill, and to take the wall of an Emperor: Much like, no money: A heauy head, and a light paire of heeles.

Went. O, ſtand man?

Scar. I weare an excellent creature to make a Punk of. I ſhould downe with the leaſt touch of a knaues finger, thou haſt made a good night of him: What haſt won Franke?

Iff. A matter of nothing, ſome hundred pounds.

Scar. This is the hel of al gamſters I thinke when they are at play, the boord eates vp the money: For if there be fiue hundred pound loſt, there's neuer but a hundred pounds wonne. Boy, take

the wall of any man, and yet by light, ſuch deedes of darknes may not be. *Put out the Torch.*

Went. What doſt meane by that *Will?*

Scar. To ſaue charge, and walke like a Fury with a fire-brande in my hand, euery one goes by the light, & weel go by the ſmoke.

Enter Lord Faulconbridge.

Scar. Boy, keepe the Wall: I will not budge for any man, by theſe Thumbs, and the paring of the Nayles ſhal ſtick in thy teeth not for a world.

Lord. Whoſe this, young Scarborrow?

Scar. The man that the Mare rid on.

Lord. Is this the reuerence that you owe to me?

Scar. You ſhould haue brought me vp better.

Lord. That vice ſhould thus transforme man to a beaſt.

Scar. Go to, your names Lorde, Ile talke with you when your out a debt and ha better cloaths.

Lord. I pitty thee euen with my very ſoule.

Scar. Pitty ith thy throat, I can drinke Muſcadine and Egges, and Mulld-ſack, do you heare: you put a peece of turnd ſtuffe vpon me, but I wil- *Lord.* What will you do Sir?

Scar. Piſſe in thy way, and thats no ſlander.

Lord. Your ſober blood wil teach you otherwiſe.

Enter Sir William Scarborrow.

S.Will. My honoured Lord, your happily wel met,

Lord. Ill met to ſee your Nephew in this caſe,
More like a brute Beaſt, then a Gentleman.

S.wil. Fi: Nephew, ſhame you not thus to transform your ſelf?

Scar. Can your noſe ſmell a Torch.

Ilf. Be not ſo wilde, it is thine Vnckle Scarborrow.

Scar. Why then tis the more likely tis my Fathers brother.

Sir wil. Shame to our name, to make thy ſelfe a Beaſt,
Thy body worthy borne, and thy youths breſt
Tyld in due time for better diſcipline.

Lo. Thy ſelfe new married to a Noble houſe,
Rich in poſſeſſions, and Poſterity,
Which ſhould call home thy vnſtaid affections.

S.will. Where thou makſt havock.

Lo. Ryot, ſpoyle, and waſt,

will.

Syr wil. Of what thy father left.

Lor. And lineſt diſgraceſt.

Scar. Ile ſend you ſhorter to heauen, then you came to the earth, do you Catechize? Do you Catechize?

He drawes and ſtrikes at them.

Iff. Hold, hold, do you draw vpon your vncle?

Scar. Pox of that Lord,
Weele meet at Miter, where weele ſup downe ſorrow,
We are drunke to night, and ſo weele be to morrow. *Exeunt*

Lo. Why now I ſee: what I hard of, I beleeu'd not,
Your kinſman liues.

Syr wil. Like to a ſwine.

Lo. A perfect *Epythite* hee feeds on draffe,
And wallowes in the mire, to make men laugh,
I pitty him.

Syr wil. No pitties fit for him.

Lo. Yet weele aduiſe him.

Syr wil. He is my kinſman.

Lo. Being in the pit where many do fall in,
We wil both comfort him, and counſel him. *Exeunt*

A noyſe within, crying, Follow, follow, follow: Then enter Butler, Thomas and Iohn Scarborrow with money bagges.

Tho. What ſhal we do now Butler?

But. A man had better lyne a good handſome payre of gallows before his time, then be born to do theſe ſucklings good, their mothers milke not wrung out of their noſe yet, they knowe no more how to behaue themſelues in this honeſt and needeful calling of Purſe-taking, then I do to peece ſtockings.

within. This way, This way, this way.

Both. Sfut what ſhal we do now?

But. See if they do not quake like a trembling-Aſp-leafe, and look more miſerable then one of the wicked Elders pictured in the painted cloth, ſhould they but come to the credit to be arraind for their valor, before a worſhipfull bench, their very lookes wouldo hang em, and they were indighted but for ſtealing of Egs.

within. Follow, follow, this way follow.

Tho: Butler. *Iohn.* Honeſt Butler.

Butler. Squat hart ſquat, creepe mee into theſe Buſhes,

lye me as cloſe to the ground as you would do to a wench.

Tho. How good Butler, ſhow v how.

But. By the Moone patronelle of all purſe-takers, who would be troubled with ſuch Changelings, ſquat hart ſquat.

Tho. Thus Butler.

But. I ſo ſucking, ſo, ſturre not nowe, If the peering Rogues chance to goe ouer you, yet ſturre not younger Brethers call you eno ugh haue no more forecaſt, I am aſhamd of you, theſe are ſuch who e arſe ſhad needs leaue them money, euen to make them ready wi ha l, for by this hiltes, they haue not wit to burten theyr ſleeues without teaching, cloſe, ſquat cloſe. Now if the lot of hanging fall to my ſhare, ſo, then the Fathers old man drops for his young maſters, If it chance it chances and when it chaunces, heauen and the Sheriffe ſend me a good rope, I wold not go vp the ladder twice for any thing, in the meane time preuentious, honeſt preuentions do well, off with my skin, ſo you on the ground, and I to this tree to eſcape the Gallows.

With. Follow, follow, follow.

But. Do follow, if I do not deceiue you, Ile bid a poxe of this wit, and hang with a good grace.

Enter Sir Iohn Harcop with two or three other with him.

Har. Vp to this wood they tooke, ſearch neare my friendes, I am this morne robd of three hundred pound.

But. I am ſorry there was not ſoure to hae made euen money now by the Deuils hornes, tis Sir Iohn Harcop.

Har. Leaue not a buſh vnbeate, nor tree vnſearcht, as ſure as I was robd the theeues went this way.

Ser. Theirs Nobody I perceiue but may lie at ſometime for one of them climbd this wayes.

1. Stand, I heare a voice, and heres an Owle in an Iuy buſh.

But. You lie, tis an old Seruingman in a Nut-tree.

2 Sirrah, ſir, what make you in that tree.

But. Gathring of Nuts, that ſuch fools as you are may cracke the ſhels, and I eat the kernels.

Har. What fellowes that?

But. Sir Iohn Harcop, my Noble Knight, I am gladde of your good health, you beare your Age faire, you keep a good houſe, I ha fed at your boord, and bin drunke in your buttery.

Har.

Har. But ſirha: what made you in that tree?
My man and I at foot of yonder hill
Were by three knaues robd of three hundred pound.

But. A ſhrewd loſſe berlady ſir, but your good worſhip may now ſee the fruit of being miſerable: You will ride but with one man to ſaue horſ-meat and mans meat at your Inne at night, & loſe three hundred pound in a morning.

Har. Sirha, I ſay I ha loſt three hundred pound.

But. And I ſay ſir, I wiſh all miſerable knights might bee ſerued ſo: For had you kept halfe a dozen tall fellowes, as a man of your coat ſhould do, they woulde haue helpt now to keep your money.

Har. But tell me ſir, why lurkt you in that tree?

But. Mary, I will tell you ſir, Comming to the top of the hill where you (Right worſhipfull) wer robd at the bottome, & ſeeing ſome a ſcuffling together, my mind ſtrait gaue me ther were knaues abroad. Now ſir, I knowing my ſelfe to be olde, tough, and vnwieldy, not being able to doe as I would, as muche as to ſay, Reſcue you (right Worſhipfull.) I like an honeſt man, one of the Kings liege people, and a good ſubiect

Ser. A ſayes well Sir.

Got me vp to the top of that tree: The tree (if it could ſpeake) would beare me witneſſe, that there I might ſee which way the knaues tooke, then to tell you of it, and you right worſhipfullie to ſend hue to cry after em.

Har. Was it ſo.

But. Nay twas ſo ſir.

Har. Nay then I tell thee they tooke into this wood.

But. And I tell thee (ſetting thy worſh. knighthood aſide) he lyes in his throat that ſates ſo: Had not one of them a white Frocke? Did they not bind your worſhips knighthoode by the thumbs? then fagoted you and the fool your man, back to back.

Man. He ſayes true.

But. Why then ſo truly, came not they into this wood, but tooke ouer the Lawnes, & left Winno ſleeple on the left hand.

Har. It may be ſo, by this they are out of reach,
Well, farewell ſir.

But, Ride with more men, good knight.

Har. It shall teach me wit. *Exit Har. with followers.*

But. So, If this bee not playd a weapon beyonde a Schollers Prize, let me be hist at, Now to the next. Come out you Hedghogs? *Tho.* O Butler, thou deseruſt to be chronicled for this.

But. Do not bely me, If I had my right I deserue to be hanged fort. But come, Downe with your dust, our mornings purchase. *Tho.* Heer tis, Thou hast playd well, Thou deseruſt two shares in it.

But. Three hundred pound: A pretty breakfast: Many a mā workes harde all his daies and never sees halfe the money. But come, Tho it be badly got, it shalbe better bestowd. But doye heare Gallants, I ha not taught you this trade to get your liuings by. Vse it not, for if you doe, though I scapt by the Nut tree, be sure youle speed by the Rope: But for your paynes at this tyme, Theres a hundred pounds for you, how you shall bestow it, Ile giue you instructions. But do you heare, Looke you goe not to your Gilles, your Punkes, and your Cock-tricks with it, If I hear you do: as I am an honest theefe, tho I helpt you now out of the Bryers, Ile be a meanes yet to helpe you to the Gallowes. How the rest shall be employd I haue determined, and by the way Ile make you acquainted with it.

To steale is bad, but taken where is store,
The faults the lesse, being don to helpe the pore *Exeunt.*

Enter Ilford, wentbe, Bartley. Ilford hauing a letter in his hande.

Ilf. Sure I ha sed my prayers, and liud vertuously a late, that this good fortunes befalne me. Looke Gallants: I am sent for to come downe to my Fathers buriall.

went. But dust meane to goe?

Ilf. Troth no, Ile go down to take possession of his land, let the cūtry bury him & the wil: Ile stay here a while, to saue charg at his funerall.

Bart. And how doſt feel thy selfe Franke, now thy father is dead? *Ilf.* As I did before, with my hands, how should I feel my selfe elſe? But Ile tell you newes Gallants.

went. Whats that? Doſt meane now to serue God?

Ilf. Faith partly, for I intend shortly to goe to Church, and from thence do faithfull seruice to one woman.

Enter

Enter Butler.

But. Good, I ha met my flesh-hocks together.

Bart. What, Dost meane to be marryed?

Ilf. I Mungrell, Marryed.

But. Thats a bayt for me.

Ilf. I will now be honestly marryed.

went. Its impossible, for thou hast bin a whoremayster this seauen yeare.

Ilf. Tis no matter, I will now marry, And to som honest woman too, and so from hence her vertues shall be a countenance to my vices. *Bart.* What shall she be, prethee?

Ilf. No Lady, no widdow, nor no waiting gentlewoman, for vnder protection
Ladyes may larde their husbands heads, Widdows will Woodcocks make, & chambermayds of seruīgmē learn that, theyle ner forsake. *Went.* Who wilt thou wed then, prethe?

Ilf. To any mayd, so she be fayr: To any mayd, so she be rich To any mayd so she be young: and to any mayde

Bart. So she be honest.

Ilf. Faith, its no great matter for her honestye, for in these dayes, thats a Do vrie out of request.

But. From these Crabes will I gather sweetnesse: wherin Ile imitate the Bee, that sucks her hony, not from the sweetest flowers, but Timb the bitterest: So these hauing beene the meanes to begger my mayster, shalbe the helpes to releeue his brothers and sister.

Ilf. To whom shall I now be a suter?

But. Faire fall ye Gallants.

Ilf. Nay, and she be fayre she shall fall sure enough. *Butler*, how lst good Butler. *But.* Wil you be made gallants?

went. I, but not willingly Cuckolds, tho we are now talking about wiues.

But. Let your wiues agree of that after, will you first be richly married? *All.* How Butler: richly married?

But. Rich in beauty, rich in purse, riche in vertue, riche in all things. But *Mum*, Ile say nothing, I know of two or three rich heyres. But *Cargo*, my fiddlestick cannot play without Rozen: *went.* Butler. (Auant.

Iſf. Doſt not know me But'ler?

But. For Kex, dry de Kex, that in ſummer ha bin ſo liberal to fodder other mens cattle, and ſcarce haue inough to keepe your owne in Winter. Mine are precious Cabinets, and muſt haue pretious Iewels put into them, and I know you to be merchants of Stockfiſh, and not men for my market: Then vaniſh.

Iſf. Come, ye old mad-cap you, what need all this? Cannot a man ha bin a little whoore-mayſter in his youth, but you muſt vpbraide him with it, and tell him of his defects, which when he is maried, his wife ſhall finde in him? Why my fathers dead man now, who by his death has left me the better part of a thouſand a yeare.

But. Tut, ſhe of Lancaſhire has fifteen hundred.

Iſf. Let me haue her then, good But'ler.

But. And then ſhee the bright beauty of Leyſterſhire, has a thouſand, nay thirteen hundred a yeare, at leaſt.

Iſf. Or let me haue her, honeſt But'ler.

But. Beſides, ſhe the moſt delicate, ſweet countenanſt, blacke browd gentlewoman in Northamptonſhire, in ſubſtance equals the beſt of em.

Iſf. Let me have her then.

Bart. Or I.

Went. Or I, good But'er.

But. You were beſt play the partes of right fooles, and moſt deſperate whore-mayſters, and go together by the eares for the ere ye ſee them. But they are the moſte rare featurd, well faced, excellent ſpoke, rare qualited, vertuous, and worthy to be admired gentlewoman,

All. And rich Butler?

But. (I that muſt be one, tho they want all the reſt) And rich Gallants, as are from the vtmoſt parts of *Aſya*, to theſe preſent confines of Europe.

All And wilt thou helpe vs to them Butler?

But. Faith, tis to be doubted, for pretious pearle will hardly be bought without pretious ſtones, and I think theres ſcarſe one indifferent one to be found, betwixt you three: yet ſince there is ſome hope ye may proue honeſt, as by the death of your fathers

you

Fathers you are proued rich, walke seuerally, for I knowing you all three to be couetous Tug-muttons will not trust you with the sight of each others beawty but will seuerally, talke with you, and since you haue deigned in this needfull portion of wedlocke to bee ruld by mee Butler, will most bountifully prouide wiues for you generally.

All. Why that honestly said.

But. Why so, and now first to your Sir Knight.

Ilf. Godamercy.

But. You see this couple of abhominable Woodcocks heare.

Ilf. A pox on them absolute Coxcomes.

But. You heard me tel them, I had Intelligence to giue of three Gentlewomen.

Ilf. True.

But. Now indeed Sir I ha but the performance of one.

Ilf. Good.

But. And her I doe intende for you, onely for you.

Ilf. Honest Butler.

But. Now sir, shee being but lately come to this towne, and so neerely watcht by the iealous eyes of her friends, shee being a Rich heyre, least she shoul be stolne away by some dissolute Prodigal, or desperat estated spend-thrift, as you ha bin Sir.

Ilf. O but thats past Butler.

But. True I know't, & intend now but to make vse of them, flatter with them with hopefull promises, and make them needefull instruments.

Ilf. To helpe me to the wench,

But. You ha hit it which thus must beeffected, first by keeping close your purpose.

Ilf. Good.

Ba. Also concealing from them, the lodging beauty and riches of your new, but admirable Mistris.

Ilf. Excellent.

But. Of which your following happines, if they should know either in enuy of your good, or hope of their owne aduancement theyd make our labours knowne to the gentlewomans Vncles, and so our benefit be frustrate.

Ilf. Admirable Butler.

Bu. Which done, a's but this being as you shal be brought into his company, and by my praising your vertues you get possession of her house one morning step to the lover, or to make all sure, hire some thred-bare priest for money: for Money in these dayes, what will not be done, and what will not a man do for a rich wife, and with him make no more ado but marrie her in her lodging and being married, he with her and spare not.

Iff. Do they not see vs, do they not see vs, let mee kisse thee, let me kisse thee Butler, let but this be done, and all the benefit requitall and happines I can promise thee for it, shal be this, Ile be thy rich maister, and thou shalt carry my purse.

But. Enough, meet me at her lodging some half an houre hence: harke she lies.

Iff. I hate.

But. Faile not.

Iff. Will I liue.

But. I will but shift of these two Rhinoceros,

Iff. Wigens, wingens, a couple of guls.

But. With some discourse of hope to wiue them two, and be with you straight.

Iff. Blest day, may loue shal be thy cushion honest Butler.

But. So now to my tother Gallants.

Went. O Butler, we ha bin in passion at thy tediousnes,

But. Why looke you, I had al this talke for your good.

Bar. Had'st.

But. For you know the knight is but a scurvy-proud-prating-Prodigall, licentious vn ecessary.

Went. An Asse, an Asse, an Asse.

But. Now you heard me tel him I had three Wenches in store,

Bar And he would ha had them al would he.

But. Heare me, tho he may liue to be an Oxe, he had not now so much of the Goat in him, but onely hopes for one of the three when indeed I ha but two, and knowing you to bee men of more vertue, and deerer in my respect intend them to be yours.

Went. We shal honor thee.

Bar. But how Butler. *But.* I am now going to their place of residence, scituate in the choisest place in the City, and at the signe of the Wolfe iust against Gold smiths-row where

where you shal meet me, but ask not for me, only walk too and fro and to auoid suspition you may spende some conference with the Shop-keepers wiues, they haue seats built a purpose for such familiar entertainment, where from a bay window which is opposite, I wil make you knowne to your desired beauties, commende the good parts you haue.

Went. Bith masse mine are very few.

But. And win a kind of desire, as women are soone wonne to make you bee beloued where you shall first kisse, then Woe, at length Wed, and at last bed my Noble harts.

Both. O Butler.

But. Wenches bona robes, blessed beauties, without colour or counterfet: Away, put on your best Cloathes, get you to the Barbers, Curle vp your haire, walke with the best strouts you can, you shal see more at the Window, and I haue vowd to make you

Bart. Wilt thou.

But. Both Fooles, and Ile want of my wit but Ile doot.

Bar. We wil liue together as fellowes.

Went. As Brothers.

But. As arrant knaues if I keepe you company.
O, the most wretched season of this time,
These men like Fish, do swim within one streame,
Yet they'd eat one another, making no Conscience
To drinke with them they'd poyson, no offence,
Betwixt their thoughts and actions haue controle,
But head long run, like an vnbiast Bowle,
Yet I will throw them on, but like to him,
At play knowes how to loose, and when to win.

Enter Thomas and Iohn Scarborrow.

Tho. Butler. *But.* O, are you come.
And fit as I appointed: so, tis wel,
you knowe your kues, and haue instructions howe to beare your selues: Al, al is fit, play but your part, your slates from hence are firme. *Exit.*

Iohn. What shal I tearme this creature not a man,

Betwixt this Butler leads Ilford in.

Hees not of mortals temper but hees one,
Made all of goodnes, tho of fleſh and bone,
O Brother, brother, but for that honeſt man.
As neere to miſery had bin our breath,
As where the thundring pellet ſtrikes is death,

Tho. I, my ſhift of ſhirts and change of cloths knowt.

Iohn. Well tel of him, like bels whoſe muſick rings
One Coronation day for ioy of Kings.
That hath preſerv'd their ſteeples not like towles,
That ſummons liuing teares for the dead ſoules.

Enter Butler and Ilford aboue.

But. Gods precious Sir, the hel Sir, euen as you had new kiſt, and were about to court her, if her Vncles be not come.

Ilf. A plague on thee, ſpit out.

But. But tis no matter Sir, ſtay you heere in this vpper chamber, & Ile ſtay beneath with her, tis ten to one you ſhal hear them talke now, of the greatnes of her poſſeſsions, the care they haue to ſee her well beſtowed, the admirable enes of her vertues, all which for all their comming, ſhall be but happines ordained for you, & by my meanes be your inheritance.

Ilf. Then thou't ſhift them away, and keepe from the ſighte of them.

But. Haue I not promiſt to make you.

Ilf. Thou haſt.

But. Go to then, reſt heere with patience, and be confident in my truſt, onely in my abſence, you may praiſe God for the bleſſednes you haue to come, and ſay your prayers if you will, Ile but prepare her hart for entertainement of your loue, diſmiſſe them, for your free acceſſe, and returne ſtraight.

Ilf. Honeſt-bleſt-natural-friend, thou dealeſt with mee like a Brother: Butler, *Exit.*
Sure heauen hath reſerued this man to weare Grey-hairs to do me good, now wil I liſten, liſten cloſe, and ſucke in her Vncles words with a reioycing eare,

Tho. As we were ſaying Brother,
Where ſhal we find a husband for my Neece.

Ilf. Marry ſhe ſhal find one heere tho you little knowt, thanks, thankes,

Thanke honeſt Butler.

Io. She is left rich in Money, Plate, and Iewels.

Ilf. Comfort, comfort to my ſoule.

Tho. Hath all her manner houſes richly furniſhed.

Ilf. Good, good, Ile find imp'oyment for them.

With. But. Speake loud enough that he may heare you.

Io. I take her ſtare to be about a thouſand pound a yeare,

Ilf. And that which my father, hath left me, will make it about fifteene, hundred admirable.

Ioh. Indebt to no man, then muſt our natural care be,
As ſhe is wealthy to ſee her married well.

Ilf. And that ſhe ſhall be as well as the prieſt can, hee ſhall not, Leaue our a word ont.

Tho. I thinke ſhe has.

Ilf. What a Gods name.

Tho. About foure thouſand pound in her great cheſt.

Ilf. And Ile find a vent fort I hope.

Io. Shee is vertuous, and ſhe is faire.

Ilf. And ſhe were foule, being rich, I would be glad of her.

But Puhr, puhr.

Io. Come, weele go viſit her, but with this care,
That to no ſpend-thrift we do marry her. *Exeunt*

Ilf. You may chance be deceiued old gray-beardes, heares hee will ſpend ſome of it thankes, thankes, honeſt Butler, now doe I ſee the happines of my future eſtate, I walke me as to morrow, being the day after my marriage, with my fourteene men in Liuerie cloakes after me, and ſtep to the wall in ſome cheefe ſtreete of the Citty, tho I haue no occaſion to vſe it, that the Shop-keepers may take notice how many followers ſtand bare to mee, and yet in thys latter age, the keeping of men being not in requeſt, I will turne my aforeſaid fourteen into two Pages and two Coaches, I will get me ſelfe into grace at Court, runne head-long into debt, and then looke ſcruily vpon the Citty, I will walke you into the preſence in the afternoone hauing put on a richer ſute, then I wore in the morning, and call boy or ſirrah, I will haue the grace of ſome great Lady though I pay for't, and at the next Triumphes runne a Tilte, that when I runne my courſe, though I breake not my launce: ſhe may whiſper to her ſelfe, looking vpon my Iewel, wel run my knight

I will now keepe great horſes, ſcorning to haue a Queane to keep me, indeede I will practiſe all the Gallantry in vſe, for by a Wyfe comes all my happines.

Enter Butler.

But. Now ſir, you ha heard her Vnckles, and how do you lyke them.

Il. O But, they ha made good thy words, & I am rauiſht with thē.

Bu. And hauing ſeen & kiſt the gentlewo. how do you like hir?

Ilf. O Butler beyonde diſcourſe, ſhee's a Paragon for a Prince, then a fit Implement for a Gentleman, beyond my Element.

But. Well then, ſince you like her, and by my meanes, ſhe ſhall like you, nothing reſts now but to haue you married.

Ilf. True Butler, but withall to haue her portion.

But. Tut, thats ſure yours when you are maried once, for tis hirs by Inheritance, but do you loue her?

Ilf. O, with my ſoule.

But. Ha you ſworne as much.

Ilf. To thee, to her, and ha cal'd heauen to witnes.

But. How ſhall I know that.

Ilf. Butler, heere I proteſt, make vowes Irreuocable.

But. Vpon your knees.

Ilf. Vpon my knees, with my hart, and ſoule I loue her.

But. Will liue with her.

Ilf. Will liue with her.

But. Marry her and maintaine her.

Ilf. Marry her and maintaine hir.

But. For her forſake al other women.

Ilf. Nay for her forſweare all other women.

Ilf. In al degrees of Loue.

But. In all degrees of Loue, either to Court, kiſſe, giue priuate faueurs, or vſe priuate meanes, Ile doe nothing that married men being cloſe whoremaiſters do, ſo I may haue her.

But. And yet you hauing bin an open whoremaiſter, I will not beleeue you til I hear you ſweare as much in the way of contract to her ſelfe, and call me to bee a witneſſe.

Ilf. By heauen, by earth, by Hell, by all that man can ſweare, I will, ſo I may haue her.

But.

But Enough.
Thus at firſt ſight, raſh men to women ſweare,
When ſuch oathes broke, heauen greeues and ſheds a teare:
But ſhees come, ply her, ply her. *Enter Scarberrowes Sister.*

Ilf. Kind Miſtres, as I proteſted, ſo againe I vow. Ifaith I loue you. *Sist.* And I am not Sir ſo vncharitable,
To hate the man that loues me.

Ilf. Loue me then,
The which loues you as Angels loue good men,
Who wiſh them to liue with them euer,
In that high bliſſe whom hell cannot diſſeuer.

But. Ile ſteale away and leaue them, ſo wiſe men do,
Whom they would match, let them ha leaue to wo. *Exit Butler*

Ilf. Miſtris I know your worth is beyond my deſert, yet by my praiſing of your vertues, I would not haue you as women vſe to do, become proud.

Si. None of my affections are prides children, nor a kin to them

Ilf. Can you loue me then?

Sist. I can for I loue al the world but am in loue with none.

Ilf. Yet be in loue with me, let your affections
Combine with mine, and let our ſou'es
Like Turtles haue a mutual Simpathy,
Who loue ſo well, that they together die,
Such is my life, who couets to expire,
If it ſhould looſe your loue.

Sist. May I beleeue you?

Ilf. Introth you may,
Your lifes my life your death my dying day.

Sist. Sir the commendations I haue receiued from Butler of your byeth and worth, together with the Iudgement of mine owne eie, bids me beleeue and loue you.

Ilf. O ſeale it with a kiſſe,
Bleſt hower my life had neuer ioy till this.

Enter Wentloe, and Bartley beneath.

Bart. Here about is the houſe ſure.

Wentlo. We cannot miſtake it, for heres the ſigne of the Wolfe and the Bay window.

Enter Butler aboue.

But.

But. What so close? 'Tis well, I ha shifted away your Vncles Mistris, but see the spight Sir Francis, if you same couple of Smel-smockes, Wentloe and Barkley, ha not sented after vs.

Ilf. A poxe on em, what shall we do then Butler?

But. What but be married straight man.

Ilf. I but how Butler.

But. Tut, I neuer faile at a dead lift, for to perfect your blisse, I haue prouided you a Priest.

Ilf. Where, prethe Butler where?

but. Where? But beneath in her Chamber. I ha fild his hands with Coine, and he shall tye you fast with wordes, he shall close your hands in one, and then doe clap your selfe into her sheetes and spare not.

Ilf. O sweete. (*Exit Ilford with his Sister.*

but. Downe, downe, tis the onely way for you to get vp.
Thus in this taske, for others good I toyle,
And she kind Gentlewoman weds her selfe,
Hauing bin scarcely woed, and ere her thoughts,
Haue learnd to loue him, that being her husband,
She may releeue her, brothers in their wantes,
She marries him to helpe her neerest kin,
I make the match, and hope it is no sinne.

Went. Sfut n is scuruy Walking, for vs so neare the two Counters, would he would come once?

Bar. Masse hees yonder: Now Butler.

But. O Gallants are you here, I ha done wonders for you commended you to the Gentlewomen, who hauing taken note of your good legs, and good faces, haue a liking to you, meet me beneath.

both Happy Butler.

but. They are yours, and you are theirs, meet me beneath I say.
By this they are wed, I and perhaps haue bedded. *Ex. wen & bar.*
Now followes whether knowing shee is poore,
Heele swear he lou'd her as he swere before. *Exit butler*

Enter Ilford with Scarborrowes sister.

Ilf. Ho Sirrha, who would ha thought it, I perceiue now a woman may be a maid, be married, and loose her maiden-head, and all in halfe and an hower, and how doest like me now wench.

sister

Siſt. As doth befit your ſeruant and your wife,
That owe you loue and duty al my life.

Iſf. And there ſhal be no Loue loſt, nor ſeruice neither, Ile do thee ſeruice at boord, and thou ſhalt do me ſeruice a bed: Nowe muſt I as young married men vſe to do, kiſſe my portion out of my yong wife. Thou art my ſweet Rogue, my Lambe, my Pigſny, my play-fellow, my pretty pretty any thing, come a buſſe prethee, ſo tis my kind hart, and wats thou what now?

Siſt. Not till you tel me Sir,

Iſf. I ha got thee with Childe in my Conſcience, and lyke a kind Husbande, methinkes I breede it for thee. For I am alreadie ſicke at my ſtomacke and long extremely. Now muſt thou bee my helpful Phyſition, and prouide for me.

Siſt. Euen to my blood,
Whats mine is yours, to gaine your peace or good.

Iſf. What a kind ſoule is this, could a man haue found a greater content in a wife, if he ſhould ha ſought thorough the worlde for her: Prethy hart as I ſaid, I long, and in good troth I do, and me-thinkes thy firſt childe wil bee borne without a noſe, it I looſe my longing, tis but for a trifle too, yet methinkes it wil do me no good vnleſſe thou effect it for me. I could take thy keyes my ſelfe, go into thy Cloſet, and read ouer the deeds and euidences of thy Land, & in reading ouer them, reioice i had ſuch bleſt fortune to haue ſo fayre a wife with ſo much endowment, and then open thy Cheſts, and ſuruey thy Plate, Iewels, Treaſure. But a pox ont, al will doe me no good, vnleſſe thou effect it for me.

Siſt. Sir I wil ſhew you al the wealth I haue,
Of Coyne, of Iewels, or Poſſeſsions,

Iſf. Good gentle hart, Ile giue thee another buſſe for that, for that giue thee a new gowne to morrow morning, by this hand do thou but dreame what ſtuffe and what Faſhion thou wilt haue it on to night.

Siſt. The land I can endow you with, is my Loue,
The riches I poſſeſſe for you is loue,
A Treaſure greater then is Land or Gold,
It cannot be forfeited, and is ſo I neere be ſold.

Iſf. Loue I know that, and Ile anſwer thee loue for. Loue in abundance: but come prethee come, lets ſee theſe deedes and e-

nidences, this Mony, Plate and Iewes, will ha thy Childe borne without a noſe, if thou beeſt ſo curſt'e ſpare not. why my hee-frappet you, I heard thy Vncklesſpeake of thy riches, that one hath hundreds a yeare, ſeuerall Lord ſhips, Mannours, Houſes, Thouſands of pounds in your great Cheſts, Iewell, Plate, and Rings in your little Box.

Siſt. And for that riches you did marry me.

Iſf. Troth I did as now adaies Batchelers do ſware I lou'd thee but indeed marri'd thee for thy wealth.

Siſt. Sir I beſeech you ſay not your oth were ſuch,
So like falſe coyne, being put vnto the touch,
Who beare a ſhew ith the outward ſhow,
Of a true ſtampe, but truely are not ſo,
You ſwore me loue, I gaue the like to you,
Then as a ſhip being wedded to the ſea,
Dus either ſayle or ſinke euen ſo muſt I,
You being the hauen to which my hope muſt ſlie.

Iſf. True Chucke I am thy hauen, and harbor to,
And like a ſhip I took thee, who brings home Treaſure
As thou to me, the Marchant-venturer.

Siſt. What riches I am ballaſt with are yours.

Iſf. Thats kindly ſaide now,

Siſt. If but with ſand, as I am but with earth,
Being your right of right, you muſt receiue me,
I ha no other lading but my Loue.
Which in abundance I will render you,
If other fraught you do expect my ſlore,
Ile pay you teares, my riches, are no more.

Iſf. Howes this? howes this? I hope you do but Ieſt,

Siſt. I am Siſter to decaied Scarborrow.

Iſf. Ha.

Siſt. Whoſe ſubſtance your Inticements did conſume.

Iſf. Worſe then an Ague.

Siſt. Which as you did beleeue ſo they ſuppoſed,
Twas fitter for you, ſelfe then for another,
To keepe the ſiſter, had vndone the brother.

Iſf. I am guild by this hand. An old Coni chacher, and beguild; where the pox now are my two Coaches, choiſe of houſes, ſeuerall

ſuites

sutes, a plague on them, and I knowe not what: Doe you heare Puppet, do you thinke you shal not be damned for this, to Cosen a Gentleman of his hopes, and compell your selfe into Matrimony with a man, whether hee wil or no with you, I ha made a fayre match yfaith, wil any man buy my commodity out of my hand, as God saue me he shall haue her for halfe the money she cost me.

Enter Wentlo, and Bartley.

went. O, ha we met you Sir.

Bart. What, turnd Mitcher, steale a wife, and not make your old friends acquainted with it.

Ilf. A pox on her, I would you had her.

went. Wel, God giue you Ioy, we can heare of your good fortune, now tis done, tho we could not be acquainted with it aforehand. *Bart.* As that you haue two thousand pound a yeare.

Went. Two or three mannor houses.

Bart. A wife, faire, rich, and vertuous.

Ilf. Pretty in faith, very pretty.

went. Store of Gold.

Bart. Plate in abundance.

Ilf. Better, better, better.

went. And so many Oxen, that their hornes are able to store al the Cuckolds in your Country.

Ilf. Do not make me mad good Gentlemen, do not make me mad, I could be made a Cuckold with more patience, then indure this. *We.* Foe we shal haue you turne proud now, grow respectles of your Ancient acquaintance, why Butler told vs of it: Who was the maker of the match for you?

Ilf. A pox of his furtheraunce, Gentlemen as you are Christians, vex me no more, that I am married I confesse, a plague of the Fates, that wedding and hanging comes by destiny, but for the riches she has brought, beare witnes how Ile reward her.

Sust. Sir.

Ilf. Whore, I and Iade, Witch. Ilfacst, stinking-breath, crooked-nose, worse then the Deuill, and a plague on thee that euer I saw thee.

Bart. A Comedy, a Comedy.

Went. Whats the meaning of all this, is this the maske after thy marriage.

Ilf. O Gentlemen, I am vndone, I am vndone, for I am marryed, I that could not abide a Woman, but to make her a whore, hated all Shee-creatures, fayre and poore. swore I would neuer marry but to one that was rich, and to be thus cunnicacht. Who do you thinke this is Gentlemen?

went. Why your wife, Who should it be else?

Ilf. Thats my misfortune, that marrying her in hope she was rich, she proones to be the beggerly Sister to the more beggerly Scarborow.

Bart. How?

Went. Ha, ha, ha.

Ilf. I, you may laugh, but she shall cry as well as I for't,

Bart. Nay, do not weepe.

went. He dos but counterfeit now to delude vs, he has all her portion of Land, Coyne, Plate, Iewels: and now dissembles thus least we should borrow some Mony of him.

Ilf. And you be kinde Gentlemen lend me some, for hauing payd the Priest, I ha not so much left in the world, as will higher me a horse to carry me away from her.

Bart. But art thou thus guld in faith.

Ilf. Are you sure you ha eyes in your head.

went. Why then, By her brothers setting one in my conscience, who knowing thee now to ha somewhat to take to, by the death of thy father, and that hee hath spent her portion, and his owne possessions, hath laid this plot, for thee to marry her, and so he to be rid of her himselfe.

Ilf. Nay, thats without question, but Ile be reuenged of em both, for you Minxe. Nay Slut, giue em me, or Ile kicke else.

Sist. Good, sweete.

Ilf. Sweete with a poxe, you stinke in my nose, giue me your Iewels? Nay Bracelets too.

Sist. O me, most miserable.

Ilf. Out of my sight, I and out of my doores, for now, whats within this house is mine, and for your brother
He made this match, in hope to do you good,
And I weare this for which, shall draw his bloud.

went. A braue resolution. *Exit with went. and Barley.*

Bart. In which wele second thee.

Ilf.

Iſ. Away, whore, Out of my doores whore.
Siſt. O greeſe, that pouerty ſhould ha that power to teare
Men from themſelues: tho they wed, bed, and ſweare.
Enter Thomas and Iohn Scarborrow, with Butler.
Tho. How now ſiſter.
ſiſt. Vndone, vndone.
But. Why Miſtris, how iſt? how iſt?
ſiſt. My husband has forſooke me.
But. O periury.
ſiſt. Has taine my Iewels, and my Bracelets from me.
Tho. Vengeance, I playd the theefe for the mony that bought em. *ſiſt.* Left me diſtreſt, and thruſt mee forth a doores.
Tho. Damnation on him, I will heere no more,
But for his wrong reuenge me on my brother,
Degenerate, and was the cauſe of all,
He ſpent our portion, and Ile ſee his fall.
Ioh. O but Brother.
Tho. Perſwade me not.
All hopes are ſhipwract, miſerie comes on,
The comfort we did looke from him is fruſtrate,
All meanes, all maintenance, but griefe is gone.
And all ſhall end by his deſtruction. *Exit.*
Ioh. Ile follow and preuent, what in this heat may happen,
His want makes ſharpe his ſword, to greates the ill,
If that one brother ſhou'd another kill. *Exit.*
But, And what will you do Miſtris?
ſiſt. Ile ſit me downe, ſigh loude in ſtead of wordes,
And wound my ſelfe with griefe as they with ſwords.
And for the ſuſtenance that I ſhould eate,
Ile feed on griefe, tis woes beſt reliſht meate.
But. Good hart I pitty you,
You ſhall not be ſo cruell to your ſelfe,
I haue the poore Seruingmans allowance,
Twelue pence a daye to buy me ſuſtenance,
One meale a day Ile eate, the tothet faſt,
To giue your wantes reliefe. And Miſtris
Be this ſome comfort to your miſeries,
Ile ha thin cheekes, eare you ſhall ha wet eyes. *Exeunt.*

Enter Scarborrow.

What is prodigallity? Faith like a Bruſh
That weares himſelfe to floriſh others cloathes,
And hauing worne his hart euen to the ſtump,
Hees throwne away like a deformed lump.
Oh ſuch am I, I haſpent all the wealth
My anceſtors did purchaſe, made others braue
In ſhape and riches, and my ſelfe a knaue.
For tho my wealth raiſd ſome to paint their doore,
Tis ſhut againſt me, ſaying I am but poore:
Nay, euen the greateſt arme, whoſe hand hath graſt,
My preſence to the eye of Maieſty, ſhrinkes back,
His fingers cluch, and like to lead,
They are heauy to raiſe vp my ſtate, being dead.
By which I find, ſpendthriftes, and ſuch am I,
Like ſtrumpets floriſh, but are foule within,
And they like Snakes, know when to caſt their skin. *Enter Tho.*

Tho. Turne, draw, and dye, I come to kill thee.

Scar. Whats he that ſpeakes? Like ſickneſſe: Oh iſt you,
Sleepe ſtill, you cannot mooue me, fare you well.

Tho. Thinke not my fury ſlakes ſo, or my bloud
Can coole it ſelfe to temper by refuſall,
Turne or thou dyeſt.

Scar. Away.

Tho. I do not wiſh to kill thee like a ſlaue,
That taps men in their cups, and broch their harts,
Eare with a warning peece they haue wakt their eares,
I would not like to powder ſhoote thee downe,
To a flat graue, ere thou haſt thought to frowne:
I am no Coward, but in manly tearmes,
And fayreſt oppoſitions vow to kill thee.

Scar. From whence proceedes this heat.

Tho. From ſparkles bred by thee, that like a villain.

Sca. Ha.

Tho. Ile hallow it in thine eares till thy ſoule quake to heare it,
That like a villain haſt vndone thy brothers.

Sca. Would thou were not ſo neere me: yet farewell.

Tho. By nature, and her lawes make vs a kinne,

As

As neere as are theſe hands, or ſin to ſinne.
Draw and defend thy ſelfe, or Ile forget
Thou art a man.

Scar. Would thou were not my Brother?

Tho. I diſclaime them.

Scar. Are wee not off-ſpring of one parent wretch,

Tho. I do forget it, pardon me the dead,
I ſhould deny the paines you bid for me,
My blood growes hot for vengeance, thou haſt ſpent
My liues reuenewes that our parents purchaſt.

Scar. O do not wracke me with remembrance ont.

Tho. Thou haſt made my life a Begger in this world,
And I will make thee bankrout of thy breath:
Thou haſt bin ſo bad, the beſt I can giue,
Thou art a Deuill, not with men to liue.

Scar. Then take a Deuils payment.

Heere they make a paſſe one vpon another, when at Scarborrowes backe, comes in Ilford, Wentloe, and Bartley.

Ilf. Hees here, draw Gentlemen.

Went. Bart. Die Scarborrow.

Scar. Girt round with death.

Tho. How ſet vpon by three, Sfut feare not Brother, you Cowards, three to one, ſlaues, worſe then Fenſers that wear long weapons. You ſhall be fought withall, you ſhall be fought withall.

Here the Brothers ioyne, driue the reſt out, and returne.

Scar. Brother I thanke you, for you now haue bin
A patron of my life, forget the ſinne
I pray you, which my looſe and waſtfull houres,
Hath made againſt your Fortunes, I repent em,
And wiſh I could new ioynt and ſtrength your hopes,
Tho with indifferent ruine of mine owne.
I haue a many ſinnes, the thought of which
Like finiſht Needles pricke me to the ſoule,
But find your wronges, to haue the ſharpeſt point.
If penitence your loſſes might repayre,
You ſhould be rich in wealth, and I in care.

Tho. I do beleeue you Sir, but I muſt tell you,

Euils the which are gainſt an other done,
Repentance makes no ſatisfaction
To him that feeles the ſmart. Our father ſir,
Left in your truſt my portion: you haſt ſpent it,
And ſuffered me (whilſt you in yours haſt liu'd,
A drunken Tauerne, ſpild my maintainance
Perhaps vpon the ground with ouerflowne cups,
Like birds in hardeſt winter haſfe ſtarud, to flie)
And picke vp any food, leaſt I ſhould die.
Scar. I prethee let vs be at peace together.
Tho. At peace for what? For ſpending my inheritance,
By yonder ſun that euery ſeaſon has life by,
As ſure as thou haſt I ſe lle fight with thee.
Scar. Ide not be moou'd vntoot.
Tho. Ile kill thee then, wert thou now claſpt
Within thy mother, wife, or childrens armes.
Scar. Would'ſt homicide? art ſo degenerate?
Then let my blood grow hot.
Tho. For it ſhall coole.
Scar. To kill rather then bee kild is manhoods rule.

Enter Iohn Scarborrow.

Io. Stay let not your wraths meet.
Tho. Hart, what makſt thou here?
Io. Say who are you, or you, are you not one,
That ſcarce can make a fit diſtinction
Betwixt each other. Are you not Brothers?
Tho. I renounce him.
Scar. Shalt not need.
Tho. Giue way.
Scar. Haue at thee,
Io. Who ſtirs, which of you both hath ſtrength within his arm
To wound his owne breſt, whoſe ſo deſperate,
To dam himſelfe by killing of himſelfe,
Are you not both one fleſh?
Tho. Hart, giue me way.
Scar. Be not a bar betwixt vs, or by my ſword
Ile mete thy graue out.
Iob. O do, for Gods ſake do!

Tis happy death, if I may die and you
Not murther one another. O do but harken,
When dus the Sunne and Moone borne in one frame
Contend, but they breed Earthquakes in mens harts:
When any ſtarre prodigiouſly appeares,
Tels it not fall of kings or fatall yeares.
And then if Brothers fight, what may men thinke,
Sinne growes ſo high, tis time the world ſhould ſinke.

Scar. My hart growes coole againe, I wiſh it not.

Tho. Stop not my fury, or by my life I ſweare,
I will reueale the robbery we ha done,
And take reuenge on thee,
That hinders me to take reuenge on him.

Io. I yeild to that, but neare conſent to this,
I ſhall then die as mine owne ſinne affords,
Fall by the law, not by my Brothers ſwords.

Tho. Then by that light that guids me here I vow,
Ile ſtraight to Sir Iohn Harcop, and make knowne
We were the two that robd him.

Io. Prethy do.

Tho. Sin has his ſhame, and thou ſhalt ha thy due. *Exit.*

Io. Thus haue I ſhewne the nature of a Brother,
Tho you haue prou'd vnnaturall to me.
Hees gone in heate to publiſh out the theft,
Which want and your vnkindnes forceſt vs to,
If now I die that death and publicke ſhame,
Is a Corſiue to your ſoule, blot to your name. *Exit.*

Scar. O tis too true, theres not a thought I thinke,
But muſt partake thy greefes, and drinke
A reliſh of thy ſorrow and misfortune.
With waight of others teares I am ore borne,
That ſcarſe am *Atlas* to hold vp mine owne,
And al'ogood for me, A happy Creature
In my Cradle, and haue made my ſelfe
The common curſe of mankind by my life,
Vndone my Brothers, made them theeues for bread,
And begot pretty children to liue beggers,
O Conſcience, how thou are ſtung to thinke vpont,

My Brothers vnto shame must yeeld their b'ood,
My Babes at others shrrops beg her food,
Or else turne theeues to, and be choakt fort,
Die a Dogs death, be percht vpon a tree,
Hang betwixt heauen and earth, as fit for neither,
The curse of heauen thats due to reprobates,
Discends vpon my Brethers, and my children,
And I am parent to it, I, I am parent to it.

Enter Butler.

But. Where are you Sir?

Scar. Why flarest thou, whats thy hast?

But. Heeres felowes swarme like flies to speake with you.

Scar. What are they?

But. Snakes I thinke Sir, for they come with stinges in theyr mouths, and their tongues are turnd to teeth to: They claw Villanously, they hade eate vp your honest name, and honourable reputation by railing against you, and now they come to deuoure your possessions.

Scar. In playner Euargy, what are they, speake?

But. Mantichoras, monstrous beastes, enemies to mankinde, that ha double rowes of teeth in their mouthes. They are Vsurers, they come yawning for mony, & the Sheriffe with them, is come to serue an extent vppon your Lands, and then ceaze on your bodie by force of execution, they ha begirt the house round.

Scar. So that the roofe our Auncestors did build
For their sonnes comfort, and their wiues for Charity,
I dare not to looke out.

But. Besides Sir, heres your poore children.

Scar. Poore children they are indeede.

But. Come with fire and watertteares in their eies, and burning greefe in their harts, and desire to speake with you.

Scar. Heape sorrow vpon sorrow? Tell me, are
My brothers gone to execution?
For what I did, for euery haynous sin,
Sits on his soule by whom it did begin.
And so did theirs by me. Tell me withall,
My children carry moysture in their eyes,
Whose speaking drops, say father, thus must we

Aske

Aske our reliefe, or die with infamy,
For you ha made vs beggers. Yet when thy tale has kild me
to giue my paſſage comfort from this ſtage,
Say all was done by inforſt marriage:
My graue will then be welcome.
But. What ſhall we do ſir?
Scar. Do as the deuill dus, hate panther-mankind,
And yet I lie: for deuils ſinners loue,
When men hate men, tho good like ſome aboue.
Enter Scarborrowes wife Katherine with two Children.
But. Your wifes come in ſir.
Sca. Thou lyeſt, I ha not a wife. None can be cald,
True man and wife, but theſe whom heauen inſtald. Say,
Kath. O my deere husband?
Sca. You are very welcome, peace: wele ha complement.
Who are you Gentlewoman.
Kat. Sir your diſtreſſed wife, and theſe your children.
Sca. Mine? Where, how begot:
Proue me by certaine inſtance thats deuine,
That I ſhould call them lawful, or thee mine.
Kat. Were we not marryed ſir?
Sca. No, tho we heard the words of Ceremonie,
But had hands knit as felions that weare fetters
Forſt vpon them. For tell me woman,
Did ere my Loue with ſighs intreat thee mine,
Did euer I in willing conference,
Speake words, made halfe with teares that I did loue thee.
Or was I euer
But g'ad to ſee thee as al Louers are.
No, no, thou knowſt I was not.
Ka. O me.
But. The mores the pitty.
Scar. But when I came to Church, I did there ſtand
All water, whoſe forceſt breach had drownd my Land,
Are you my wife, or theſe my children?
Why tis impoſsible, for like the skies,
Without the ſunnes light, ſo looke al your eies,
Darke, Clowdy, thicke, and ful of heauines,

Within my Country there was hope to see
Me and my yssue to be like our fathers,
Vpholders of our Country, al our life,
Which should ha bin, if I had wed a wife.
Where now,
As dropping leaues in Autume you looke al,
And I that should vphold you like to fal,
Ka. Twas, nor, shal be my fault, Heauen bear me witnes.
Scar. Thou lyest, strumpet thou lyest?
Bu. O Sir.
Scar. Peace sawcie Iacke, strumpet I say thou lyest,
For wife of mine thou art not, and these thy Basterds
Whom I begot of thee, with this vnrest,
That Bastards borne, are borne not to be Blest
Ka. One me poure al your wrath, but not on them.
Scar. On thee, and them, for tis the end of lust,
To scourge it selfe, heauen longing to be iust:
Harlot.
Ka. Husband.
Scar. Bastardes.
Child. Father.
But. What hart not pitties this?
Scar. Euen in your Cradle, you were accurst of heauen,
Thou an Adulteresse in thy married armes.
And they that made the match, bawds to thy lust:
I, now you hang the heade, shouldst ha done so before,
Then these had not bin Bastards, thou a whore.
But. I cannot brookt no longer, Sir you doe not well in this.
Scar. Ha slaue.
But. Tis not the aime of gentry to bring forth,
Such harsh vnrellisht fruit vnto their wiues,
And to their pretty pretty children by my troth.
Scar. How rascall.
But. Sir I must tel you, your progenitors
Two of the which these yeares were seruant to,
Had not such mists before their vnderstanding,
Thus to behaue themselues.
Scar. And youle controule me sir.
But. I, I, will. *Scar.*

Scar. You rogue.

But. I, tis I, will tel you tis vngently done
Thus to defame your wife, abuse your children,
Wrong them, you wrong your selfe, are they not yours?

Sca. Pretty, pretty Impudence in faith.

But. Her whom your are bound to loue, to raile against,
These whom you are bound to keepe, to spurne like dogs,
And you were not my maister, I would tell you.

Scar. What slaue.

But. Put vp your Bird-spit, tut I feare it not,
In doing deeds so base, so vild as these,
Tis but a Kna, kna, kna.

Scar. Roge.

But. Tut howsoeuer, tis a dishonest part,
And in defence of these I throw off duty

Scar. Good Butler.

But. Peace honest Mistris, I will say you are wronged,
Proue it vpon him euen in his blood, his bones,
His guts, his Maw, his Throat, his Intrals.

Scar. You runnagate of threescore,

But. Tis better then a knaue of three and twenty.

Scar. Patience be my Buckler,
As not to file my hands in villaines blood;
You knaue Slaue trencher-groome
Who is your maister?

But. You if you were a maister.

Scar. Off with your coate then, get you forth a dores.

But. My cote sir.

Scar. I your coat slaue?

But. Sfut when you hate, tis but a thred-bare coat,
And there tis for you: know that I scorne
To weare his Liuery is so worthy borne,
And liue so base a life, old as I am,
Ile rather be a begger then your man,
And theres your seruice for you. *Exit*

Scar. Away, out of my doore: Away.
So, now your Champions gone, Minx thou hadst better ha gone
quick vnto thy graue.

Kath.

Scar. You rogue.

But. I, tis I, will tel you tis vngenrly done
Thus to defame your wife, abuse your children,
Wrong them, you wrong your selfe, are they not yours?

Sca. Pretty, pretty Impudence in faith.

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And liue so base a life, old as I am,
Ile rather be a begger then your man,
And there's your seruice for you. *Exit*

Scar. Away, out of my doore: Away.
So, now your Champions gone, Minx thou hadst better ha gone quick vnto thy graue.

Kath.

Ca. O me, that am no cauſe of it.

Sca. Then haue ſuborn'd that ſlaue to lift his hands againſt me.

Ka. O me, what ſhall become of me?

Sca. Ile teach you tricks for this, ha you a companion.

Enter Butler.

But. My hart not ſuffer me to leaue my honeſt Miſtris and hir pretty children.

Scar. Ile marke thee for a ſtrumpet, and thy Baſtards.

But. What will you do to them Sir.

ſcar. The Deuill in thy ſhape come backe againe.

But. No, but an honeſt ſeruant Sir wil take this cote,
And weare it with this ſword to ſauegard theſe,
And pitty them, and I am wo for you,
But will not ſuffer
The husband Viper-like to pray on them
That loue him, and haue cheriſht him as theſe,
As they haue you.

ſcar. Slaue.

But. I will not humour you,
Fight with you, and looſe my life or theſe
Shal taſt your wrong whom you are bound to loue.

ſcar. Out of my doores ſlaue.

But. I will not, but wil ſtay and weare this coat,
And do you ſeruice whether you will or no.
Ile weare this ſword to, and be Champion,
To fight for her in ſpight of any man.

ſcar. You ſhall. You ſhall be my maiſter Sir.

But. No, I deſire it not,
Ile pay you duty euen vpon my knee,
But looſe my life, ere theſe oppreſt Ile ſee.

ſcar. Yes goodman ſlaue, you ſhal be maſter,
Lie with my wife, and get more Baſtards, do, do, do.

Ka. O me.

ſcar Turnes the world vpſide downe, that men orebeare theyr Maiſters, It dus, it dus.
For euen as Iudas ſold his Maiſter Chriſt,
Men buy and ſell their wiues at higheſt price,
What wil you giue me? what wil you giue me? what wil you giue me?

But.

O, Miſtris,
My ſoule weeps, tho mine eyes be dry,
To ſee his fall and your aduerſity,
Some meanes I haue left, which Ile releeue you with,
Into your chamber, and if comfort be a kin
To ſuch great greefe, comfort your children.
Scar. I thanke thee Butler, heauen when he pleaſe,
Send death vnto the troubled a bleſt eaſe. *Exit with children.*
But. Introth I know not if it be good or ill,
That with this endleſſe toyle I labour thus,
Tis but the old times Ancient conſcience
That would do no man hurt, that makes me doot,
If it be ſinne that I do pitty theſe,
If it be ſinne I haue releeued his Brothers,
Haue plaid the theefe with them to get their food,
And made a luckleſſe marriage for his Siſter,
Intended for her good, heauen pardon me.
But if ſo, I am ſure they are greater ſinners,
That made this match, and were vnhappy men,
For they cauſ'd all, and may heauen pardon them.

Enter ſir William Scarborrow.

ſir Wil. Whoſe within heere.
But. Sir William, kindly welcome.
ſir Wil. Where is my kinſman Scarborrow?
But. Sooth hees within ſir, but not very well.
ſir Will. His ſickneſſe?
But. The hel of ſicknes, troubled in his mind.
ſir Wil. I geſſe the cauſe of it,
But cannot now intend to viſit him,
Great buſines for my ſoueraigne haſts me hence,
Onely this Letter from his Lord and *Guardian* to him,
Whoſe inſide I do geſſe, tends to his good,
At my returne Ile ſee him, ſo farewell. *Exit*
But. Whoſe inſide I do geſſe turnes to his good,
He ſhall not ſee it now then, for mens minds
Perplext like his, are like Land-troubling-winds,
Who haue no gracious temper.

Enter Iohn Scarborrow.

Iohn. O Butler.

But. Whats the fryght now?
Iohn Helpe ſtrait, or on the tree of ſhame
We both ſhall periſh for the robbery.
But. What ill reueald man?
Iohn Not yet good Butler, only my brother Thomas
In ſpleene to me, that would not ſuffer him
To kill our elder brother, had vndone vs
Is riding now to ſir *Iohn Harcop* ſtraight, to diſcloſe it.
But. Hart, who would rob with Sucklings:
Where did you leaue him?
Iohn Now taking horſe to ride to Yorkſhire.
But. Ile ſlay his iourney, leaſt I meet a hanging. *Exeunt*

Enter Scarrborrow.

Scar. Ile parley with the Deuill: I, I will,
He giues his councell freely, and the cauſe
He for his Clyents pleads, goes alwaies with them,
He in my cauſe ſhall deale then: and Ile aske him
Whether a Cormorant may haue ſtuft Cheſts
And ſee his brother ſtarue: why heele ſay I,
The leſſe they giue, the more I gaine thereby.

Enter Butler.

Their ſoules, their ſoules, theyr ſoules.
How now mayſter? Nay, you are my maiſter?
Is my wiues ſheets warme? Dus ſhe kiſſe well?
But. Good ſir.
Scar. Foe, makt not ſtrange for in theſe daies,
Theres many men lie in theyr mayſters ſheets,
And ſo may you in mine and yet: Your buſineſſe ſir?
But. Theres one in ciuill habit ſir, would ſpeake with you.
Scar. In ciuill habite.
But: He is of ſeemly ranke ſir, and cals himſelfe
By the name of Doctor Baxtor of Oxford.
Scar. That man vndid me, he did bloſſoms blow
Whoſe fruit proued poyſon, the twas good in ſhew,
With him Ile parley, and diſrobe my thoughts
Of this wilde phrenſey that becoms me not:
A table, candles, ſtooles, and all things fit,
I know he comes to chide me, and Ile heare him,

With

With our ſad conference we will call vp teares,
Teach Doctors rules, inſtruct ſucceeding yeares:
Vſher him in:
Heauen ſpare a drop from thence wheres bounties throng
Giue patience to my ſoule, inflame my toung.

Enter Doctor.

Doct. Good mayſter Scarborow.

Sca. You are moſt kindly welcome, ſooth ye are.

Doct. I ha important buſineſſe to deliuer you.

Sca. And I haue leyſure to attend your hearing.

Doct. Sir, you know I married you.

Sca. I know you did ſir.

Doct. At wh ich you promiſed both to God and men,
Your life vnto your ſpouſe ſhould like ſnow,
That ſals to comfort, not to ouerthrow,
And loue vnto your yſſue ſhould be like
The deaw of heauen, that hurts not tho it ſtrike,
When heauen and men did witneſſe and record
Twas an eternall oath, no idle word
Heauen being pleaſd therewith, bleſſe you with children,
And at heauens bleſsings, all good men reioyce.
So that Gods chayre and footſtoole, heauen and earth
Made offering at your nuptials as a knot
To minde you of your vow, O breake it not.

Scar. Tis very true.

Doc. Now ſir, from this your oth and band,
Faiths pledge, and ſeale of conſcience you ha run,
Broken all contracts, and the forfeiture,
Iuſtice hath now in ſute againſt your ſoule,
Angels are made the Iurors, who are witneſſes
Vnto the oath you took, and God himſelfe
Maker of marriage, he that ſeald the deed,
As a firme leaſe vnto you during life,
Sits now as iudge of your tranſgreſsion,
The world informes againſt you with this voyce,
If ſuch ſinnes raigne, what mortals can reioyce.

Scar. What then enſues to me?

Doc. A heauy doome, whoſe executions
Now ſerud vpon your conſcience, that euer

You ſhall feele plagues whom time ſhall not diſſeuer,
As in a map your eyes ſee all your life,
Bad words, worſe deeds falſe oths, and all the iniuries,
You ha done vnto your ſoule, then comes your wife,
Full of woes drops, and yet as full of pitty,
Who tho ſhe ſpeaks not, yet her eies are ſwords,
That cut your hart-ſtrings, and then your children.

Scar. Oh, oho, oh.

Doc. Who what they cannot ſay talke in their lookes,
You haue made vs vp, but as misfortunes bookes,
Whom other men may read in, when preſently,
Taskt by your ſelfe, you are not like a Theeſe,
Aſtonied being accuſ'd, but ſcorcht with greeſe.

Scar. I, I, I.

Doct. Heere ſtands your wiues tears.

Scar. Where?

Doc And you fry for them, here lie your childrens wants.

Sca. Heere?

Doct. For which you pine in conſcience burne,
And wiſh you had bin better, or nere borne.

Scar. Dus all this happen to a wretch like me.

Doc. Both this and worſe, your ſoule eternally
Shall liue in torment, tho the body dy.

Scar. I ſhall ha need of drinke then Butler,

Doc. Nay all your ſinnes are on your children laide,
For the offences that the father made.

Scar. Are they Sir.

Doc. Beſure they are. *Enter Butler.*

Scar. Butler.

But. Sir?

Scar. Go fetch my wife and children hether.

But. I will ſir.

Sca. He read a Letter to the Doct. too, heer's a Deuine? I heer's a Deuine. *But.* I ſee his mind is troubled, and haue made bold with dutie to reade a Letter tending to his good, haue made his Brothers friendes: both which I will conceale til better temper: He ſends me for his wife and children, ſhall I fetch em.

Scar. Heer's a Deuine, and this Deuine did marry mee, thats

good

good, thats good,
Doc. Maister Scarborrow.
Scar. Ile be with you straight Sir,
But. I wil obey him,
If any thing doth happen that is Ill,
Heauen beare me record tis against Butlers wil. *Exit.*
Scar. And this Deuine did marry me,
Whose tongue should be the key to open truth,
As Gods Ambassador. Deliuer, deliuer, deliuer.
Do. Naister Scarborrow.
Sca. Ile be with you straight sir,
Saluation to afflicted consciences,
And not giue torment to contented minds,
Who should be lamps to comfort out our way,
And not like Firedrakes to lead men astray,
I, Ile be with you straight sir.
Enter Butler.
But. Heres your wife and children sir?
Scar. Giue way then,
I ha my lesson perfit, leaue vs heere
But. Yes I wil go, but I will be so neere,
To hinder the mishap the which I feare. *Exit Butler.*
Scar. Now sir, you know this Gentlewoman?
Doll. Kind mistris Scarborrow,
Scar. Nay pray you keepe your seat, for you shal heare,
The same affliction you ha taught me feare,
Due to your selfe.
Doc. To me sir.
Scar. To you sir,
You matcht me to this Gentlewoman.
Doll. I know I did sir.
Scar. And you will say she is my wife then.
Doc. I ha reason sir, because I married you.
Scar. O that such tongues should ha the time to lie,
Who teach men how to liue, and how to die,
Did not you know my soule had giuen my faith,
In contract to another, and yet you
Would ioyne this Loome vnto vnlawful twists.

Doct. Sir.
Scar. But ſir,
You that can ſee a Mote within my eie,
And with a Caſſocke blind your owne defects,
Ile teach you this, tis better to do ill,
Thats neuer knowne to vs, then of ſelfe will,
And theſe all theſe in thy ſeducing eye,
As ſcorning life make em be glad to die.
Doc. Me Scarborrow.
Scar. Heere will I write, that they which marry wiues,
Vnlawfull liue with ſtrumpets al their liues.
Here wil I ſeale the children that are born,
From wombes vnconſecrate, euen when their ſoule
Has her infuſion, it regiſters they are foule,
And ſhrinkes to dwell with them, and in my cloſe,
Ile ſhew the world, that ſuch abortiue men,
Knit hands without free tongues looke red like them
Stand you and you, to acts moſt Tragicall,
Heauen has dry eies, when ſinne makes ſinners fall.
Doc Helpe maiſter Scarborrow,
Child. Father.
Ka. Husband.
Sca. Theſe for thy act ſhould die, ſhe for my Clare,
Whoſe wounds ſtare thus vpon me for reuenge.
Theſe to be rid from miſery, this from ſinne,
And thou thy ſelfe ſhal't haue a puſh amongſt em,
That made heauens word a pack-horſe to thy tongue.
Coteſt ſcripture to make euils ſhine like good,
And as I ſend you thus with wormes to dwell,
Angels applaud it as a deed done well. *Enter Butler.*
Ent Stay him ſtay him.
What will you do ſir.
Scar. Make fat wormes of ſlinking carkaſſes,
What haſt thou to do with it?
Enter Ilford and his wife, the two Brothers, and Sir William Scarborrow
But. Looke who are here ſir.
Sca. Iniurious villen that preuentſt me ſtill.
But. They are your brothers and allyance Sir.

Scar.

Scar They are like full ordinance then, who once diſcharg'd,
A farre off giue a warning to my ſoule,
That I ha done them wrong.
ſir Wil Kinſman.
Brother and ſiſter. Brother.
Ka Husband.
Child. Father.
ſcar. Harke how their words like Bullets ſhoot me thorow
And tel mee I haue vndone em, this ſide might ſay,
We are in want, and you are the cauſe of it,
This points at me, y'are ſhame vnto your houſe,
This tung ſaies nothing, but her lookes do tell,
Shees married but as thoſe that liue in hel:
Whereby all eies are but misfortunes pipe,
Fild full of wo by me, this feeles the ſtripe.
But. Yet looke Sir,
Heeres your Brothers hand in hand, whom I ha knit ſo.
Wife. And looke Sir heeres my husbands hand in mine,
And I reioyce in him, and he in me.
ſir wil. I ſay Coſe what is paſt, the way to bliſſe,
For they know beſt to mend, that know amiſſe,
Ka. Wee kneele forget, and ſay if you but loue vs,
You gaue vs greefe for future happines.
ſcar. Wha's all this to my Conſcience?
But. Faſe promiſe of ſucceeding ioy to you.
Read but this Letter.
ſir Will. Which tels you that your Lord & Guardians dead
But Which tels you that he knew he did you wrong,
Was greeud for't, and for ſatisfaction
Hath giuen you double of the wealth you had.
Bro. Increaſt our portions.
Wife. Giu en me a dowry too.
But. And that he knew,
Your ſinne was his, the puniſhment his due.
Scar. All this is heere,
Is heauen ſo gracious to ſinners then?
But Heauen is, and has his gracious eies,
To giue men life not like intrapping ſpies,

ſcar.

ſcar. Your hand, yours, yours, to you my ſoule, to you a kiſſe.
Introth I am ſorry I ha ſtraid amiſſe,
To whom ſhall I be thankefull. All ſilent:
None ſpeake: whiſt: why then to God,
That giues men comfort as he giues his rod,
Your portions I'e ſee paid, and I will loue you,
You three Ile liue withall, my ſoule ſhall loue you,
You are an honeſt ſeruant, ſooth you are,
To whom, I theſe and all muſt pay amends,
But you I will admoniſh in cooſe tearmes,
Let not promotions hope, be as a ſtring,
To tie your tongue, or let looſe it to ſting.
Dec. From hence it ſhall not Sir.
ſcar. Then husbands thus ſhal noriſh with their wiues. *Kiſſe*
Ilf. As thou and I will wench.
Brothers in brotherly loue thus link together, *Imbrace.*
ſea. Children and ſeruants pay their duty thus. *bow and kneele.*
And all are pleaſ'd.
All. We are.
ſcar. Then if all theſe bee ſo,
I am new wed ſo ends old marryage woe,
And in your eies ſo louingly being wed,
We hope your hands will bring vs to our bed.

FINIS.

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